

Vol. XIV

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1904.

No. 43.

MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



A
WEEKLY MAGAZINE
PRICE 5 CENTS.

The Mirror



FAST TRAIN
BETWEEN
St. Louis
AND
New Orleans

FAST TRAIN
BETWEEN
St. Louis
AND
Mobile

FAST TRAIN
BETWEEN
St. Louis
AND
Montgomery

DINING CARS
PALATIAL
SLEEPERS



TICKET OFFICE: 518 OLIVE STREET.

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE
BETWEEN
SAINT LOUIS AND CHICAGO

»VIA«

A DOUBLE-TRACK RAILWAY



Chicago @ Eastern Illinois Railway.

Merchants Bridge, St. Louis.

LaSalle St. Station, Chicago.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, FRISCO BLDG., 9th and OLIVE STS.

The Mirror

VOL. XIV—No. 43

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1904.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10th AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A. 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, Payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.



WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



THE CHRISTMAS MIRROR

ON December 22nd the Christmas number of THE MIRROR will be issued. As in past years, this number will be more than four times as large as the regular weekly issue, and the contributions of essays, music, poems, stories, sketches, criticisms and miscellany, will be of especial interest and from the pens of able and distinguished contributors. The issue will be decorated with a unique cover in colors. The price of the Christmas number on the streets and at the news stands will be 10 cents per copy, but regular subscribers will receive it through the mails without extra charge. Every St. Louisan should not only read the CHRISTMAS MIRROR, but should invest in half a dozen or more copies to send to his friends outside the city. The CHRISTMAS MIRROR is the highest class publication turned out in St. Louis and is representative of the best aspects of the city's life and effort.



CONTENTS

DOWN THE GREAT GAMBLING RACE GAME: By William Marion Reedy.....	1-2
REFLECTIONS: For a Million—Candidates in Plenty—Chief of Police—The Other Richard—Mrs. Chadwick's Method—Move for a Million—A \$us Wall—Answers to Correspondents—What Chokes Them—No Contempt of Court—Dockery and Folk—Coming to the Front—A Good Law—Concerning Mr. Nelson—An Orrery of Grafting—Yea, a Daniel—Who Said "Veto?"—About Mr. Rabe—Dr. Boyd's Departure—Old Gummy—Nerve—Simplicity—Around the World—Two Celestials—Col. Blodgett—Tolstoi's Bug—Senator Carter on Prize Corruption—Copper a Blessing—The Skindicate—A la Mode—Hot Time Minstrels—Marones—The Pity of It...	2-7
THE DREAM CHILD. Poem: By Florence Wilkinson.....	4
STAINS: Poem. By Theodosia Garrison.....	6
ROOSEVELT'S MOTHER MESSAGE: By William Marion Reedy.....	7
THE PIQUE OF MR. PICARD: The French Commissioner at the Fair.....	8
AT THE END OF THE SEASON: Poem.....	8
A RAG AND A BONE AND A HANK OF HAIR: A Story	8-9
THE TWO WAGONERS—Richard and Charles.....	9
LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE: Concerning a Record...	10
MARKS OF ONE'S AVOCATION.....	11
NEW BOOKS.....	12-13
AT THE PLAY: By W. M. R.....	14-15
THE STOCK MARKET.....	18-19

Down the Great Gambling Race Game

By William Marion Reedy

THE MIRROR is pleased to note that some of its local contemporaries have caught on to its suggestions with regard to wiping out the race track gambling evil that has corrupted local affairs so long and threatens to corrupt the whole country.

The *Post-Dispatch* has taken up the crusade against the handbooks operating in this city. The *Chronicle* declares in favor of a law which shall prohibit the publication by newspapers or privately of racing forms, tips or any information tending to encourage gambling on race tracks and to prohibit betting on racing. Such an ordinance has been passed in the City of Chicago and a bill will be introduced in the Illinois Legislature along the same lines. As the *Chronicle* says:

"St. Louis is far more deeply in the coils of this public menace than Chicago. St. Louis has four race tracks, Delmar, Fair Grounds, Union and Kinloch. The Breeders' law, under which they operate, sets forth as its object the encouragement of breeding fine horses in Missouri. It aims, according to its phraseology, to elevate the equine. This is not only the announced object of the law but its only excuse."

The same paper well says that the work of elevating the breed of equines is in no way connected with or dependent upon the betting ring. On the contrary the exigencies of the betting ring degrade the noble animal, not to mention the wrecks they make of the creature who has been given dominion over it.

The Breeders' law was conceived in iniquity, passed in bribery and it operates in shame. It was passed to foster gambling and it has operated to enable the establishment of a race horse gambling syndicate that is reaching out from Missouri to rob the nation.

The iniquities fostered under the racing syndicate have been openly protected in the legislature and supposedly in the city by the head of the Jefferson Club who was at the same time the head of the police force of this city. The racing syndicate in St. Louis "packed" the Jefferson Club with six hundred members at \$6 per year annual dues in advance, in return for the police favor of closing Ed Butler's pool room in opposition to the racing syndicate interests. The racing syndicate through the Jefferson Club secured the nomination of its friends and employees for State Senators and Representatives. It got its men in the House of Delegates. It was supposed latterly to name the police who should have charge of the "suppression" of handbooks, just as recently it has forced to come to its offices for permission all those who want to run hand-books, crap games or any graft on the streets or in the alleys, exacting 60 per cent of the profit as its rake-off. This gambling syndicate is strongly entrenched, so strongly that those who put up for its protection run wide open under the noses of the police while those who do not put up are raided and sent to the police stations in the patrol wagons.

All this has been a result of the Breeders' law. Along with it have flourished theft, embezzlement, assault. The Democratic machine was bribed with race track money. The last Legislature had a high old time at the syndicate's expense. It was necessary to prevent a change in the Breeders' law. The President of the St. Louis Police Board was the syndicate's representative at the State capital.

The evil of the gambling race game is wider even than announced above. The people not only bet in handbooks, but there are men in every big office building who go through the various offices once, twice or thrice a day to take the bets of those workers who can't get to the tracks or the books, mulcting even the elevator boys and type-writer girls. The fight between the syndicate and Pat Carmody's Union track resulted in a free gate, and this brought the women to the tracks and made racing fiends of them, resulting in desertion, divorce, ruin and murder and suicide. The Louisiana Lottery was never such an evil as the racing game and the other grafts that have flourished under the Syndicate's powerful political protection.

The Syndicate furnished a goodly portion of the funds that paid for the fight against the nomination of Folk for Governor. This syndicate is now plotting to swing its influence over to the Republican party, in consideration of protection from the Republican lower house of the legislature. It is also trying to protect itself among the Democratic majority in the State Senate, and its lobbyists are working industriously to "get next" the Senators, and even to Governor-elect Folk. The syndicate has even flattered itself that it could get one of its lobbyists in for a big appointment under Folk. But it is out strong for Republican protection at Jefferson City. It has several Republican legislators from St. Louis. It took the precaution here to name the legislative candidates on both sides in all the districts but one. That advances have been made upon the legislators from the country is evident from the outburst of the *Missouri State Republican*, the official party organ, warning the party against being tied up with or entrapped by the syndicate.

The syndicate's tracks have been a favorite place to find work for Democratic politicians of the smaller sort—to enable them to pretend to work and escape the vagrancy act. Now the syndicate is getting ready to fix Republican workers with alleged jobs at the tracks at \$10 per day. Mr. Brockmeyer's *Missouri State Republican* exposes this scheme, and warns the party leaders against the contamination. The race track jobs are to be a part of the Republican spoils.

It is about time for all the newspapers to enter upon the crusade, but they won't. They get too good advertising rates for the big daily cards run by the Cella Commission Company, the greatest bucket

shop in the United States, run in open and notorious defiance of law, and another manifestation of the local syndicate's activity and power. It is barely possible that the fight upon the hand books by the *Post-Dispatch* is a mistake. It may be that the syndicate doesn't want any more hand books just now. It may want to drive the bettors to the syndicate's pool rooms across the river.

The members of the syndicate, with some other of the great racing gamblers, have organized a telegraph company to handle betting from all the tracks. These people have leased wires between all the tracks and the cities where betting is done. They will gather racing information and sell it to hand-book makers. They will not have to pay their own tracks for the racing information, as the Western Union has had to pay the tracks. They will have not only the racing business, but the book making business in their own hands. Every hand-book maker will be working for them. This new race gambling telegraph company has been formed because in New York City the activity of Prosecuting Attorney Jerome has forced the telegraph and telephone companies to refuse to permit the sending of race gambling information over their wires, and a like action has been taken in Chicago. The new company will undertake to handle all the telegraph racing for the country, and all the race horse gambling, too.

But this can be stopped. A Federal law can be passed prohibiting the telegraphing or telephoning of gamblers' information. A movement toward the passage of such a law has been begun. It is destined to make headway just as the fight against the Louisiana Lottery made headway, since it is plain to even the most careless observer that the betting upon races is an evil, and a nuisance more generally ramifying than ever was the buying of lottery tickets. It robs the workingman, and the workingwomen. It tempts the employe to embezzle and steal. It makes for idleness, and idleness makes all kinds of social mischief in the community. Worst of all, it corrupts the young men and the women as no other form of gambling has ever done.

When the new gambling telegraph company comes into being there will be pool rooms and hand-books in every country town, just as the Cella Commission Company has its branch bucket-shops in every country town in the St. Louis trade territory. It will be to the telegraph company's interest to start such pool rooms in order to sell them the daily racing results, and it will be the pool rooms' interest to get people to play against the game.

Therefore, the new race gambling telegraph company is something that demands the attention of the national Congress. It must be suppressed before it reaches the proportions of the Louisiana Lottery. All the decent forces of the country must be aligned against it, for it is certain to pollute the entire nation. It is in order for all the ministers of the gospel to inveigh against the evil from their pulpits, and to help to generate a public sentiment that shall result in the suppression of this form of gambling as the Louisiana Lottery was suppressed.

The brains of the gambling telegraph company are here in the heads of Sam Adler, Louis Cella and C. A. Tilles. The syndicate caught on to the scheme when Ed Butler started a telegraph office to take bets. When he did so, Mr. Hawes, president of the Police Board, and later, attorney in Jefferson City for the syndicate, closed the shop because it interfered with the local betting monopoly of the syndicate. The law was insufficient to suppress the telegraph pool room, but Mr. Hawes broke up the game by raiding the place and taking the patrons to the calaboose.

The State law, as it stands, can't stop the gambling telegraph game, and it is not likely that any man with nerve like unto that of Mr. Hawes, will be found to go to the extreme of raiding the players without law. There is no inducement—except public good. But the State law can be amended. A Governor, such as Mr. Folk may be expected to be, could force through a law to stop the whole race gambling game. Then with the start his name and prestige would give the movement the national fight could be inaugurated and carried to a successful termination. Will Mr. Folk take up the fight and start the ball a-rolling, and will the Republican legislature back him up? This is the chance for a reform movement that will be ap-

proved by the entire country. The racing gambling game must be wiped out. It is the greatest evil in the country to-day, for it ruins the wage-earner, brings honest men into dishonest ways, corrupts politics, leads women astray, cultivating another lust to feed the money lust, penetrates even to the school room, for "penny books" are not impossible. Mr. Folk of Missouri is the man to open the battle. If he does so, the whole nation will be aroused, and the end of the great gambling graft will be at hand. But of course Mr. Folk will not do this if Mr. Hawes, who has been the syndicate's attorney and friend for so long, is to continue to be one of his political advisers.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

For a Million.

HURRAH for a million population! But it's not all to come *via* immigration. St. Louis expects married folks to do their duty. President Roosevelt will help the Million Club along, if some one will ask him, with another letter against race-suicide. Let the Million Club have a committee to promote matrimony. Let it offer prizes for twins, triplets and quadruplets. Let there be a plank for the taxation of bachelors and old maids in the platforms of both parties in the next spring campaign. Let the spoils of office be distributed in accordance with the progeny of the applicants. Put a premium upon children. Boycott the landlord who won't rent houses or flats to persons having offspring. Those are the best methods whereby to forward the ends of the Million Club. Other details will follow naturally. Let our motto be: *Crescite et multiplicamini*.



Candidates in Plenty.

GOLLY! How the candidates for the Democratic nomination for Mayor are coming out. There's Dr. John H. Simon, Health Commissioner, the only really popular appointment, in a political sense, at least, that Mayor Wells made. John Schroers of the *Westliche Post*, member of the School Board, World's Fair director and hustler, is an aspirant who believes that he could carry the German vote, and the regular Democratic vote as well, especially if Otto Stifel is not going to run as a Republican. And James Y. Player, the present very efficient Comptroller, who has made such a splendid showing of financiering for the city, is in the running. Then there are W. A. Girdin, the real estate leader; W. R. Faulkner, the Police Board's Supply Commissioner; Judge Given Campbell, who was first choice of the Jefferson Club directory in 1901; Charles H. Huttig of the Third National Bank, and Festus J. Wade, of the Mercantile Trust Company. A goodly company. Next!



Chief of Police.

PERSISTING peculiarly is the statement that Capt. William Young has been slated for Chief of Police under the coming Folk regime. Capt. Young has strong political friends. He was on the way upward to the Chieftaincy once before, and would have reached but for the fact that the Irish Democrats roared that he was an A. P. A., which, in all probability, he was not. With all Capt. Young's push and pull, I don't think he will win easily, if at all. Matt

Kiely has made good all along the line with the business men of the city. He made a splendid record as a suppressor of crime during the World's Fair, and he has handled the big processions and crowds with excellent tact and strength. He has handled police business exclusively in a way that leaves nothing to be desired, and if there has been any politics in his administration, interfering with strictly police business, it must be remembered that he was only carrying out the orders of his superiors, which is all that an official of a military kind, as a Chief of Police surely is, could be expected to do. Besides, it cannot be counted a crime in a man to stand by the party under which he has attained to promotion.



The Other Richard.

CONGRESSMAN RICHARD BARTHOLOTT admits that he would like to be Senator, and says that his party can examine his record to determine his fitness, but he will not enter into a scramble for the place. Mr. Bartholdt ranks with the ablest, most efficient men Missouri ever had in Congress. His work for his district, city and State is well known. His work as an authority on the emigration question, his distinction as an advocate of universal peace, his campaign services as an orator, and his intimate relations with the President are an argument of great force for him. But he hasn't any millions to spend. He has no railroad systems with their corps of cow-coroners hustling for him. He has no boodle senators from other States plugging for him. He has nothing but his ability and diplomacy to recommend him, and he can't bid for the toga with any chance of success. He's a Richard, and he's in the field, but—he lacks the *mazuma*.



Mrs. Chadwick's Method.

MRS. CHADWICK, of Cleveland, is a decidedly interesting person. She knew how to "get the money" even if the men who gave it didn't know how she managed to work them. The best explanation of her success in raising cash on fairy tales is that she made it a matter of personal profit to the men from whom she borrowed. She was willing to pay big sums to bank officials personally, in consideration of their loaning her the money belonging to depositors. She prospected around until she found a wolf-banker and she forthwith appealed to the wolf in the banker, always with success. 'Tis an old adage in crookeddom that the easiest man to trim in a crooked game is the

smart man who is a little of a crook himself. The oldest and most successful grafts are selling counterfeit money and selling stolen gold bricks and the crooked gambler gets his greatest rake-off by luring into his game the man who thinks he has a sure thing. There's no mystery about Mrs. Chadwick's methods. She robbed the robbers—that's all. And that's why she's going to get away with it. The robbers of whom she made suckers won't stand for exposure. If she got old Carnegie, the fakir philanthropist, the explanation still holds good, for Andrew has been a gigantic grafter in business all his life. He has "whipsawed," "double crossed" and "skinned" everybody with whom he ever had any business dealings and not even Rockefeller is his master in trickery. If Mrs. Chadwick got next to Carnegie's cash she approached him on his crooked side.



Move for a Million.

A good idea is that of "The Million Club," suggested by Mr. Festus J. Wade, President of the Mercantile Trust Company. The club should be, however, less exclusive than the World's Fair Directory, which Mr. Knapp of the *Republic*, suggests as a nucleus for the club. There shouldn't be any prerequisite to membership of an ability to sign \$10,000 promissory notes. The World's Fair Directory doesn't contain all the ability, patriotism and virtue of this city. The Million Club will be all right, but the best way to get 1,000,000 people in St. Louis will be for everybody to work in his own lines to make the city a good place to live in. Mr. Knapp, of the *Republic*, for instance, might do something to that end by publishing a newspaper less flat and flatulent than the one he puts forth at present. Mr. Knapp is a great civic patriot—in the matter of wearing a dress suit and attending dinners—but his paper isn't the sort of paper that promises a million population city. If everybody will do his best in his own business and then try to do something "on the side" for the city we shall have the million population in a decade.



A \$us Wail.

A MAN who tries to purchase the United States Senatorship from Missouri would not contribute a nickel to the popular subscription for the World's Fair. Isn't it a beautiful spectacle, this thing of a man being seriously considered for such honors, when men with not one thousandth part of this candidate's money not only subscribed, but gave their notes for \$10,000 when the Exposition was pinched for funds? And isn't it more beautiful to see a brazen boodle Senator from a Northwestern State, and a Democrat, dropping in here to show this Missouri aspirant how to "turn the trick?" Is Missouri's Senatorship to carry the same taint as Montana's? If so, the Republican victory in Missouri cannot be called a redemption of the State.



Answers to Correspondents.

N. B. D. No; there is no premium upon photographs of the President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company.



What Chokes Them?

I HOLD no brief for the defense of Col. Edward Butler, accused of treachery to the local Democratic ticket last month, which accusation, it is suspected, will be proven by a recount of the votes in some of the Butler wards. All I would say is that there was other treachery. No one had more, or more profitable favors—even if they paid heavily for them—from the Democrats than the Adler-Cella-Tilles syndicate. The city was kept closed tight that the syndicate might operate their skin games in St. Louis

County. Its friends, who bore off the money in chunks, by means of crooked devices on the river steamboats, were not interfered with. The syndicate's friends ran crap games and pool rooms under protection, while those who wouldn't or couldn't cough up 60 per cent of profits, were closed down in short order. Nevertheless, on election day the syndicate's strikers were all at work carrying St. Louis County for the Republicans, and working for like interests in Madison County, Illinois. Syndicate members of the Democratic City Central Committee took Democratic money the night before election day, and then failed to appear at the polls. The racing syndicate, has been, after the police, the main strength of the Jefferson Club, ever since the Butler telegraph pool room was closed up at the syndicate's request. The syndicate didn't help the Democratic ticket in the least. It lay down cold. But those who howl about Butler's treachery say nothing about syndicate treachery. What chokes them?



Dockery and Folk.

Gov. DOCKERY has entertained Governor-elect Folk at the Executive mansion in Jefferson City. It is probable that the outgoing official had some favors to ask in the matter of retaining some of his appointees until the expiration of their terms. Gov. Dockery was not very considerate of Gov. Stephens when the latter was about to leave office. He insisted on cleaning out all the Stephens men, although Stephens was gracious enough to refuse to fill vacancies coming at the end of his term, and to leave them to be filled by Dockery. It was this insistence of Dockery upon sweeping out the Stephens men that started the Dockery-Stephens feud, and that feud was one of the things that helped materially to enable Folk to get his nomination over the opposition of the State machine. The question with politicians has been, "Whom did Dockery request Folk to retain in office?" Some people have thought that Gov. Dockery would ask his successor to keep Mr. Hawes on the Police Board. We shall see.



Coming to the Front.

THE *Chronicle* is getting to be a more interesting newspaper than it has ever been in its history. Always the pioneer of penny journalism has appeared as if edited with a sort of aloofness from St. Louis and its interests. Now it is not only in, but of the city, and its treatment of local affairs is no longer that of an uninformed and unsympathetic outsider. I doubt not the paper has been financially successful for a long period, but now it shows signs of being a paper run for the interest of the journalistic game, and in the general game of life here rather than for the money. Time was when, if you missed the *Chronicle* in the evening you were pretty sure you didn't miss anything, but now it is in the going in a news way, and it treats its news with some show of appreciation of the fact that the people of this city are awake and doing things of interest and importance. The *Chronicle* has become a good paper—a very good paper, indeed.



A Good Law.

THAT is a good ordinance which the Council and House of Delegates favor, viz., the increase of the pay of the chief city officers and of the Municipal Assembly. Better pay will get better men. For a Mayor \$10,000 a year is not too much, nor is it extravagance to pay the Comptroller \$8,000, the President of the Board of Public Improvements \$8,000, the Water, Street and Sewer Commissioners, City Counselor and President of the Board of Assessors \$7,500, and the members of the Assembly \$2,500. The

city should pay as good salaries as corporations pay men in like positions. By making political place an attraction to first rate ability, men of that kind will get into politics and improve its tone. The trouble with government in this country in its dealing with those who would outwit it, is that its representatives are lower paid than those with whom they are brought into conflict for the assertion and maintenance of the rights of the people. There would be less temptation for a \$2,500 a year man to boodle, in the Council and House of Delegates, than for a \$300 a year man, and the pay is not excessive when it is considered that the duties of an Assemblyman of any worth occupy more than three-fourths of his time. Undoubtedly the City Charter should be so amended as to effect the proposed increases in city officials' pay. The total increase would be only \$135,000 a year, and the city would surely profit that much in bettered service. If we are to have a city of the first class, we must have first class men to do its business, and we can't get first class men at third rate salaries.



No Contempt of Court.

JUDGE GANTT, of the Missouri Supreme Court, is said to be contemplating resignation from the bench. He is said to hold that the Republican victory was, as regarded himself, a sort of expression of contempt of court. It was not that. The people have not expressed contempt of court. On the other hand, they have carefully concealed their feelings.



Concerning Mr. Nelson.

THERE'S a political power in Missouri that most people do not think about. I refer to Mr. W. R. Nelson of Kansas City, the proprietor and editor of the best daily newspaper in the State, the *Kansas City Star*. He supported Roosevelt for President with a wonderful efficacy attested by the returns from the region in which his paper has its great circulation. He was the ablest advocate, and the most effective, of Folk's nomination and election. He's a dangerous power for two reasons: he doesn't need money; he doesn't care for the usual considerations of practical politics. His political efforts are along a high, non-partisan plane, and his paper is calculated to a meridian of intelligence much to be estimated above that appealed to by the other dailies in the State. It has a clientele of the best. The *Star* is a paper of taste and culture. It has a literary tone. It deals with aspects of life that are almost ignored by our metropolitan papers, and in a way that is gratifying to a person who is not content with bald news and sensational slush and pages of horse-race and prize-fight patter. The *Star* is simply a projection of Mr. Nelson's personality, and it is about the only personality looming up in Missouri that has within it the faintest suggestion of the refinements that flow from familiarity with what the scholiasts finely called "the humanities." W. R. Nelson is the king-maker to-day. He's no dilettante at the business either. He is a fighter, and a hard one. And his word will have weight both at Washington, D. C., and Jefferson City, Mo., for the next four years.



An Orrery of Grafting.

HALF a dozen policy games, under Butler auspices, are running in this city to-day. If the Police Board is going to punish Butler for knifing the city ticket, why are not those Butler policy games closed up, and why have they run unmolested all the time that an anti-Butler boss had supreme mastery of the police? Was it part of the pact with Butler that he should have the policy rake-off, while the Adler-Cella-Tilles syndicate had the crap game rake off, while

The Mirror

another man got the slot machine rake off, and still another collected from the hand-book men. And did none of the divvy of the proceeds of the robberies committed by street walkers get any higher than the "cops" in "harness?" What was the meaning of the Police Board's informal announcement that "the gambling squad" of police was disbanded? What official gets the money from the grafters' "clearing house?" What Police Commissioner is referred to as the Craps Commissioner? And all this has been going on behind an innocent and virtuous pose. And the facts leak out only when Butler broke his pact with the late official head of the Police Board and present power behind the throne. What an elegant "con game" was a certain prolonged, pretended opposition to Butlerism!



Yea, a Daniel!

SUPREME JUSTICE ROBINSON, who interposed to prevent Judge Foster's trial of Edward Butler for bribery, is a Republican, but he comes from "Bill" Phelps' town of Carthage, and Col. Butler and his friends have large interests and many friends in that neighborhood. Justice Robinson is renowned as the weakest justice on the Supreme bench. His interposition for Butler is the strongest thing he ever did. Some one must have given him a strong injection of spinal fluid to brace him for the grand act, which just precedes his retirement from the bench. "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall."



Who Said "Veto!"

Not long ago Mr. Hiram Phillips, President of the Board of Public Improvements, formulated a plan whereby the city was to equip and instal its own gas plant for the purpose of lighting that part of the city known as Carondelet, upon the expiration of the city's contract with the Carondelet Gaslight Company. But the plan has been knocked in the head. We hear nothing more of it. Who or what stopped the furtherance of the plan to which, by the way, the present Democratic administration should give hearty support, in view of the municipal ownership planks for some years past. A veto has been put upon the project from some quarter. How would you like to be the gas man? Whom is the gas-gang's attorney, a most explosive and incandescent person, too, by the way, booming for the Mayoralty nomination?



About Mr. Rabe.

THAT there's a candidate for Mayor of St. Louis in the field already is not generally known. His name is J. H. Rabe. He is the principal of one of the largest schools. He isn't a Democrat and he isn't a Republican, nor yet is he a Socialist or Populist. He declares that he doesn't belong to any party or faction. His platform is "honesty," first, and after that a sort of semi-socialistic blend of municipal ownership and civil service reform. Mr. Rabe is an educated, sincere, idealistic man and no more to be laughed at than was Lee Meriwether when that young enthusiast started the fight which culminated in his election in 1902. Yes, I said, "in his election," and I say it on the authority of the men who saw that Meriwether was counted out and returned as running behind both Wells, the Democrat, and Parker, the Republican. Mr. Rabe is, possibly, neither so eloquent nor so magnetic as was Mr. Meriwether, but it is not unlikely that he will fall heir to much of the tremendous popular support which Mr. Meriwether received, and whatever may be left of the organization that the Municipal Ownership party had built up in every precinct in the city. Mr. Rabe expects to be nominated by petition, and,

maybe, the boodle issue, still latent in local affairs, will help him along, since the real cure for boodle is to stop the granting of franchises in cities and States, as they have been granted. If Mr. Rabe could fuse into his support the Socialists, the Municipal Ownership people, the Single Taxers and the disgruntled and disappointed of the two larger parties he would be a formidable candidate. There's no telling when St. Louis is to be ripe for a movement such as culminated in the elections of the late Golden Rule Jones in Toledo, and Tom Johnson in Cleveland. There is likely to be a great deal of bad feeling over the nominations in the Republican and Democratic ranks, and a third man with an idea behind him may be a factor. At present the two great parties locally don't know whether they will be controlled by the city machines or by the vested interests. Unless signs are at fault, it looks as if the vested interests will try to control both machines. If they do the people may take a notion to kick over both machines. Mr. J. H. Rabe, therefore, is a man who, though all unknown to the politicians, may cut a big figure in the next campaign. If there is to be a square deal and no police bulldozing in elections under Gov. Folk, a third candidate might have a chance, as against two candidates representing the machines or the vested interests or both. We shall do well to bear in mind Mr. Rabe. He is full of possibilities, to say the least.



Dr. Boyd's Departure.

AS FORESHADOWED in these columns two weeks ago, Rev. W. W. Boyd, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, has resigned his charge to go abroad for some time. Too much politics the cause. Pastor Boyd was a spectacular sort of person, with a genius for trouble ever since the days when he was dis-

covered plagiarizing books and sermons. Then he distinguished himself by preaching Socialism. Next he got into politics against the election of Mayor Wells. Later he was a champion of Mr. Folk's nomination, but when Mr. Folk repudiated my assertion that Dr. Boyd was his adviser, the pastor pulled out of the Folk movement and went over to the Walbridge camp. Furthermore, Dr. Boyd got himself in bad with the moral element by espousing the cause of Postmaster Baumhoff when that gentleman was accused of tampering with female employes of the government. Dr. Boyd is a man of much polish and learning. He is eloquent and he is gracious. His besetting sin is his intensity of fervor which prevents him from reasoning calmly upon practical questions. In the pulpit he is charming, or at a dinner, where he did not disdain the wine, and his wit was as sparkling as any vintage, but as soon as he got into politics he "blew up" and said things too extreme to be anything but dangerous to the cause in which he spoke. He built up a large congregation, and was, for long, the city's most popular, not to say, fashionable preacher, which is equivalent to saying that he was not a Bossuet or a Lacordaire or a Dwight Moody, but a graceful talker on subjects of ethics and culture, with just a little religion as an alloy. He was noted for his occasional forgetfulness in the heat of debate, when he might emit a very mild expletive of profane import. There was something of the gourmet about him at times, and he had good taste in most things, save in politics, where he came very near to being unscrupulous in his methods of attack upon his antagonists. Rev. Willard W. Boyd has filled a large place in the city. He may often have been wrong, but he was always interesting, and there was ever "something doing" in his vicinity. Wherefore I am sincerely sorry that he is to leave us.



Old Gummy.

He whom the irreverent call "Gum Shoe Bill," otherwise Senator William Joel Stone, has spoken words unto an interviewer at the National capital. Speaking of the Democratic party. "We cannot afford," the Senator said, "to fight a good thing simply because somebody else may be for it, or because somebody else may have suggested it. We must have good things of our own to propose. We must lead in the march of progress, or be run over by the procession." The present Democracy, he insists, is not like the old Democracy, "which was a force ever moving forward in action," while now "we have degenerated into a force which it is hardly too much to say is little more than a force stationary in resistance." The Senator illustrates Ben Butler's aphorism that the Democratic party is like a man riding with his back to the horses in a hack, who never sees anything until he has passed it. But the Senator is remarkable in that he is the only leader who can see things after he has passed them. And yet he is Delphic. His words do not commit him to anything progressive or positive. He hasn't a word for Mr. Bryan's suggestion of public ownership as an issue. Of course he doesn't agree with Bryan's opposition to holding the Philippines, for Stone was an expansionist, and a big navy man, and a forwarder when he was only a member of Congress. Senator Stone is ahead of his party in the matter of broad ideas. He is under a cloud temporarily because he took fees as a lawyer that any other lawyer might have taken without compunction, but he is a man of shrewdness and power, and he will show it when he gets under way in the Senate. His Democratic colleagues will respect him and like him. When you come to think of the subject, who is there on the Democratic side of the Senate that outclasses him

THE DREAM CHILD

By FLORENCE WILKINSON

O H, the Dream-Child, the Dream-Child,
That never yet has been!
He creeps into her bosom
When winter nights are keen.

Her mouth upon his eyes, his hair:
"Sweet, how I worship thee!"

Oh, the Dream-Child, the Dream-Child,
God! that shall never be.

Last night she heard him wailing
Out in the sleety din,
"All little babes are warm in bed,
Dear mother, let me in!"

She opened wide her empty arms:
"Creep close into thy nest.
Look, I will warm thy hands, thy feet,
Thy lips upon my breast."

Yet still she hears him wailing,
"Dear mother, let me in.
All little babes are warm in bed—"
God, is it not thy sin

To let the Dream-Child wander
A poor forbidden guest,
And the wild mother wait and wait
With passion at her breast?

From the December McClure's.

in the qualities of statesmanship? Gorman? Bailey? Tillman? Hardly. Just remember that Missouri, "the mysterious stranger," is going to be a pivotal State in future, and that the Democratic Senator from Missouri is going to be a national personality. Senator Stone can talk with the best when he prepares himself, and in the art of manipulation in legislation he is an expert. He is under lobby fire just now, and the *Post-Dispatch* holds it in for him because he was with Col. Charles H. Jones in the latter's endeavor to "do" Joe Pulitzer, and the *Republic* doesn't like him because Stone put Francis out of politics temporarily with the aid of Jones, who also stole the *Republic* for a while, and aroused it from its age-long nap,—not Knapp, to which it has returned,—but this same "Gum Shoe Bill" will make good, even if he does sometimes wear a Prince Albert coat, a soft hat, a red necktie and yellow shoes in simultaneous discordancy. He may wear gum shoes, as alleged, but he is a "comer" in the Senate, just the same.



Nerve.

OUT of the bowels of Mississippi arises the voice of John Sharpe Williams telling the Democratic party what to do to be saved. That's a fine display of nerve. Williams it was who told the Democrats what to do in the St. Louis convention. It was done. So were they—most beautifully. Mr. Williams should apply the cloture to his face, for a little while, at least. It will not take much more of his advice and leadership to land his party in the everlasting echoless vocative.



Simplicity.

Do not try to lead the simple life, notwithstanding that your pastor, your physician and your paper try to force it on you. The simple life has become a fad. Therefore it is neither simple, nor life. Therefore, again, it is dangerous. There is nothing more inimical to the truly simple life than this taking up of a temporarily prevalent craze. The first advocate of the simple life was Jean Jacques Rousseau, and he left his children on everybody's or anybody's door step. His simple life, or return to nature, was as moral as a rabbit-warren. Of course Rev. Charles Wagner does not preach that sort of thing, but that's the sort of thing that comes of making a fad of a rule of life for all. Simplicity, as a fad, is a difficult bore. The way to live one's life is to live it in accordance with one's own ideas, with consideration for the feelings of others, and if you want to put frills and fangles on your life, all right. There's no sense in you or me living our life in any other way than our own way. We are not Charles Wagner any more than we are Harry Lehr. We are neither Francis of Assisi nor Nero. This thing of trying to model us all upon a single plan or theory of living is foolish. I am surprised that so many people of sense seem to be discovering the simple life. The minute they do so they become self-conscious. Therefore they become anything but simple. Of course I know that Rev. Charles Wagner doesn't advocate the simple life as a pose or a pretense. He means that we should live our lives straightforwardly, and not surrender our individuality to the possession of things or the following of forms, but the public is getting twisted on the doctrine, and the simple life that is mostly in the popular mind, just now, is a sort of preciosity of simplicity in manner and thought that must be silly to the exact extent that it is out of harmony with the exceedingly unsimple character of life in a complex environment. You can't be simple if you try to be so. Don't try to seem to be what you are not. That's the simple life in its essence. Try to be as much better than you

are as your conscience tells you you should be, and you'll hit off your life all right in accordance with the best standards of living. There's no more to say on the subject.



Around the World.

PRESIDENT FRANCIS of the late World's Fair is going around the world after the world has been going around him for about a year and a half. May he have the good time he deserves. "Our Dave" is now, to all intents and purposes, a citizen of the world, with a more distinguished visiting list than anyone except the President of the United States Edward VII. and Emperor William II.



Two Celestials.

I AM sure I don't know what this community is going to do without Mr. Wong Kai Kah, the Chinese Commissioner to the World's Fair; he has been such an unfailing source of delight to us all during his stay. There's something so finely silken, so gentle, in the man, that he has inspired a sort of affection in the community. He is as witty as he is wise. His public utterances, while happily complimentary to this country and this city, have never slopped over. He has criticised our attitude towards his fellow-countrymen with a deft indirection of suggestion that has been more effective than were the rather blunt remarks of the exceedingly popular Wu Ting Fang. Mr. Wong is deferential before Western civilization, but not apologetic. He has done not a little to enforce the Chinese point of view upon us, even when speaking as an American college graduate from a position of one who is no novice in American thought. But his chief charm is that he has done his work so artistically at all times. He has held attention remarkably as against the popular Japanomania, and indeed, it has been he, rather than the Japanese, who has made the best of the opportunity for the East to talk to the West. Furthermore, Mr. Wong has shown how thoroughly a gentleman in the very best sense of that worn word a Chinaman can be, with his unfailing humor, his tact, his utterly unaffected pleasure in giving pleasure to others. Indeed, one loses much of whatever faith he may have had, if any, in the anti-Chinese attitude of a large and vociferous element in this country, after having been thrown into contact with a man like Mr. Wong. That the Chinese will not assimilate one well may doubt after observing him for some months, or after reading that pretty book of pretty poems published "To Universal Peace," by Mr. Wong's former secretary here, Mr. Chang Yow Tong. Those poems dealing with the World's Fair as a peace monument, are remarkable, not only for their idiomatic English, but for their appreciation of the Western ideal in morality, in government and in art. Mr. Chang sees, feels and knows the poesy of the practical, the beauty of our civilization in ministering to practical needs, and the force of a general intelligence. His book, published here last July, with Chinese marginalia in script, to modern verse, inspired by different features of the Fair, illuminated by photographs, is something more than a curio. Mr. Chang's poetry is good, if not elaborate in form. It is a complement of Mr. Wong's eloquence as an exponent of the *rationale* of Confucius and Mencius, as well as a delicately balanced contrast to Mr. Wong's blithe humor as a post prandial orator. These Chinamen have more than held their own as exponents of civilization with the Americans of note, and with such distinguished and delightful men as Dr. Lewald and Count von Stribral and Mr. Gerald and others representing the culture of Europe, and they have shown us that the Japanese are not the exalted

superiors of the Chinamen that so many of us have been led, upon insufficient information, to suppose. It is too bad for both America and China that this country cannot see and hear more of men of the latter country like Mr. Wong and his late secretary, Mr. Chang.



Col. Blodgett.

STRANGE that the biggest, most influential, most popular Republican in Missouri, is not even mentioned in the news about the scramble for the Senatorship, but it's true. The man I refer to has probably more personal power than anyone outside of the governorship, and has done bigger things than anything other than the carrying on of the Exposition. He is a soldier decorated for especial bravery. He has helped develop the State for forty years. And he isn't heard of for his party's biggest prize. The reason for this is modesty. Col. Wells H. Blodgett is, and would be, worth forty-four trainloads of Kernes here, in the Senate or anywhere else on earth. He is the wizard of the Wabash system, the railroad Merlin of Missouri, and he is the man who beat Cassatt in the latter's great fight against the entrance of the Wabash into Pittsburg. Col. Blodgett is no brass band politician or lawyer or promoter. He isn't a fake soldier, fake financier or fake Missourian. But maybe that's why he's out of the big battle. The Brummagem brand of statesman has the call, in his party, in this neck of the woods.



Tolstoi's Bug.

COUNT TOLSTOI is a crank. His crankery runs sometimes to greatness, but at other times it drops to mere lunacy. He is opposed to the recent agitation of the zemstvo presidents for constitutional government in Russia. He deprecates the recent remarkable protest against despotism. He says that the petition for representation is a new obstacle in the path of true progress, because the "real uplifting of a people, socially and governmentally, can be attained only through religious and moral regeneration of all the individuals constituting that people." How fine that sounds. He then proceeds to amplify the truism thus: "Political agitation, whether by peaceful propaganda or appeals to existing powers of government, must have a fatal effect. It puts before the nation and before individuals the pernicious illusion that social improvements can be wrought by mere change of forms; that substitution of a different kind of government, or amendment of the existing kind, can accomplish reforms, which, to be effective and permanent, must begin with the individual." Then he says finally that "constitutional government is no cure for the evils that afflict mankind," and for proof points to conditions in France, in England and in America." All of which means nothing—absolutely nothing. If uplift comes only to a people through religious and moral regeneration of a people, some one must start the uplift. If there be betterment possible, it must be pointed out to the laggards in progress by the more advanced percipients of the fact. This is education. Education is agitation. It puts thought in motion. If the powers unjustly superposed upon the masses, will not see their wrongfulness, the only way to make them see it is for the more intelligent of the masses to appeal to the reason of the powers, or to their senses, through fear. There is a pernicious effect in the idea that social improvements come through mere change of forms, but there is nothing but good in the idea that agitation brings about changes of thought which changes forms. The right, true thought beginning in the individual must be communicated to other individuals to be generally effective, and it must be communicated up as well

as down. Constitutional government is only a means for the securing of a maximum of the individual regeneration in the mass. It does not cure the evils that afflict mankind. Certainly not. The evils that afflict mankind are not to be cured—at least, not all at once—for the existent evil is a spur to effort for good. Constitutional government is not the perfect means to peace, justice and love, but it is a step, if but a short one, towards those blessings. It is, in some degree, the realization of the sum of the aspirations of many individuals a little regenerated towards peace and justice and love. The cry of the Russian people, who, politically speaking, "have no language, but a cry" for constitutionalism cannot be fatal to the cause of righteousness. Count Tolstoi's argument is that the way to cure evils is to endure them. That is quietism, non-resistance. Such a position is absurd. The Heavens are as brass to those who only pray. "When you need help," said Ignatius Loyola, "pray to God as if there were no hope on earth, but work as if there were no help from Heaven." Count Tolstoi's pronouncement against the zemstvo agitation marks him as the chief obstructionist of civilization in Russia, more dangerous than von Plehve, or Pobodonotsieff. He is as limp, morally, as Emperor Nicholas, and a greater enemy of the people than that Petersburg aristocrat who asked, the other day, if the Russian peasants thought Russia existed for their benefit, as a dog exists for fleas. One wonders why Tolstoi writes books if he does not believe in agitation, and what he considers desirable for betterment if constitutional government be not desirable. Tolstoi believes in anarchy no less than does Kropotkin. He believes in no government whatever. His ideal is that each man shall govern himself regardless of community obligations. He wants peace and justice and love to come all at once out of a rapt, ecstatic selfishness. Tolstoian love is a sort of orgasm of self-sacrifice. His logic ends inevitably in suicide, and he is no more moral than Arthur Schopenhauer. To my thinking, Leo Tolstoi is the most pernicious teacher now alive. His doctrine is a rotten Christianity—the gospel of soul-stupration through mysticism and stagnation through cessation of effort. What he would say, but dares not, is that the *sum-mum bonum* is the denial of "the will to live."



Senator Carter on Prize Corruption.

A World's Fair scandal is exposed by President Carter, of the National World's Fair Commission. Corruption is alleged in connection with the award of premiums. Nobody is surprised. As soon as there were prizes there was sure to be charges of corruption. Nor is any one surprised that President Carter springs the scandal. The local World's Fair people froze out the National Commission everywhere they could, and that was pretty nearly all along the line. It was upon the selection of juries of award that Mr. Carter and his associates made their last stand and were completely knocked out. Now, the National Commission wants to pass upon the legality of the jurors, and throw a cloud upon the awards. The exhibitors will have to fix things up with the National Commission. It looks to me as if this new muss is calculated to present opportunities for further corruption. It might be profitable to some one to set aside an award to one exhibitor and decree it to another, or even to confirm the award. The National Commission is an honorable body, of course, but the President's letter throws a doubt upon every award that vitiates all the honor and especially nullifies the value of the prizes which so many exhibitors have already advertised so extensively. Ex-Senator Carter's letter makes a sensation, but it is only what was

expected. The talk of favoritism and corruption has been prevalent in this city, in connection with the awards for some time. But that could not be helped. Lord knows, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition did its best to render such charges impossible. It gave a prize to pretty nearly everybody and everything. The exhibitors are hurt by the exposure or rather by the innuendo against the prizes. That may sour them upon the St. Louis people and hurt St. Louis trade, but if the quarrel between the National Commission and the local directory ever comes to an acute and open stage, I venture to predict that there will be some striking charges against the National body. There was much ugly talk against the Carter Board when it first came into conflict with the local directory as to the scope of its power at the very beginning of World's Fair work. The ill feeling has been intensified between the two bodies as time went on, but it has been suppressed *pro bono publico*. If it should flame forth now, we may expect a lively cross-fire of ferociously accusative interviews.



Copper a Blessing.

The Department of Agriculture has started a boom in copper. According to an article in the current *Century*, a little blue vitrol in a big reservoir, not more than a bucketful of it, will kill off all disease germs and especially those of typhoid. Water from copper vessels is a germ killer. Germs, the most malignant diphtheria cultures, died when placed upon copper coins. Buildings washed with blue vitrol in solution during cholera epidemics have checked the spread of the disease. Workers in copper have been found to be immune from cholera. "In fact," says Gilbert H. Grosvenor, writing in the *Century*, "coppersmiths generally believe themselves immune from disease. A Georgia physician has asserted that ap-

pendicitis and other diseases which our fathers never heard of are, in reality, germ diseases, and that they have become so prevalent of late because of the passing away of the old-time copper tea-kettle. This last seems a little far-fetched. A traveler from China reports that he has always wondered till now why certain Chinese villages are not swept away by the cholera epidemics; he now knows that they are saved by the copper vessels in which the villagers keep their drinking water and with which nothing can make them part. He had often tried to purchase some of these copper vessels, but no price would induce a villager to sell his. The Chinaman had a superstition that his prosperity and life depended on his keeping the pot." There has long been a prejudice in this country against copper because of the idea that the least trace of it is poison. And yet our grandfathers used copper dishes and copper kettles, and they not only appear not to have been poisoned by such use, but to have been more free from intestinal troubles than are the present generation. We have fallen out of the habit of using copper vessels largely because enamel ware has come into the market and is so much cheaper. That the metal is a germ killer is not only proved by the killing of diphtheria germs by placing them on copper cents but by the fact that cases have been reported of typhoid patients who have been cured when all else failed, by rectal injections of copper. Now a magazine like the *Century* does not lend itself to fakery, and the article to which I refer, has all the marks of authoritativeness. We may look, therefore, for a great boom in the matter of copper cooking utensils. There seems to be not the slightest doubt of the efficacy of copper to rid reservoirs of typhoid germs and that, too, at an expense so trifling as to be almost ridiculous. Every typhoid germ in a reservoir of 25,000,000 gallon capacity was killed and the water clarified at a total expenditure of \$12.50. Any reservoir can be purified at from 50 cents to \$3 per million gallons. The *Century* contributor, who deals with the investigations of Dr. George T. Moore, of the Agricultural Department, puts in italics his declaration, thus: "*We can assert positively that hereafter people living in towns and cities can be protected from the scourge of disease-infected water by the copper treatment.*" I don't know of an article in a magazine for a long time that contained as much good news for the civilized world as this. What a boon the knowledge therein made public would have been at the time of the fearful outbreak of typhoid at Cornell University. Copper will undoubtedly go up in public estimation and in the market. It will be, and it undoubtedly should be, dearer to the popular heart than silver was eight years ago or even than gold. We should all resolve never to blaspheme the metal by saying a thing is "not worth a copper," or even by using "copper" as the slang term for a policeman.



Pure Water Adkins.

SPEAKING of pure and healthy water, I am reminded to note a suggestion made the other evening at a popular club that the citizens should present a testimonial to the Water Commissioner, Mr. Ben Adkins, for the splendid and very evident results of his efforts to clarify this city's supply. For the first time in history St. Louis has water that looks drinkable. It is purified without being dangerously adulterated. Mr. Adkins has applied the copper method of destroying germs and his wier system with a slight coagulant has settled the silt that used to make the liquid appear so repulsive. Mr. Adkins followed in a general way the plans of his predecessor, Mr. Flad, but credit is due him for having the courage to apply the coagulant in the face of opposition. He had the

STAINS

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE three ghosts on the lonesome road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that stain about your mouth
No lifted hand may cover?"
"From eating of forbidden fruit,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the sunless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that red burn on your foot
No dust or ash may cover?"
"I stamped a neighbor's hearth-flame out,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the windless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that blood upon your hand
No other hand may cover?"
"From breaking of a woman's heart,
Brother, my brother."

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,
Glutton and Thief and Lover;
White flesh and fair it hid our stains
That no man might discover."
"Naked the soul goes up to God,
Brother, my brother."

From the December Scribner.

gumption to see that the exposure of the false pretense that alum was dangerous, by the revelations of the alum baking powder boodle deal in the legislature, justified his use of the chemical as a purifier, and he went ahead and did it. Mr. Adkins should have a testimonial. Why, I am told that his purification of the city's water has even improved the quality and taste of St. Louis beer, so that everybody profits by the Water Commissioner's work.



The Skindicate.

THERE are nearly one hundred crap games running wide open in St. Louis, most of them paying tribute to the joint at Fourth and Pine streets. Yet the police force drops four hundred probationary patrolmen. The men are dropped in order to bring their political sponsors to the Police Board headquarters and make them ask for the reinstatement of the decapitated. That puts the sponsors under obligations to the Board, and the Board will see that the obligations are paid at the next primary. The crap games run wide open because the "skindicate" wants to pull off all the coin it can before Folk goes into office in January. Adler, Cella and Tilles made \$1,500,000 this year off the race track, the crap game percentage, the county graft, the steamboat steal, the hand books, the bucket shop and the sheltering of strangers versed in all sorts of crookedness, from "pennyweighting" to "porch-climbing," from the "kinchin lay" to the "strong arm." All under protection, were governed from a "fence" by a "second-story man." How beautiful! Who is the police and political sponsor for "the skindicate?"



A La Mode.

A ST. LOUIS proposal of marriage: "Dearest, do you love me? You do? Then let us join the Million Club."



Hot Time Minstrels.

OH, come on, let us cheer up. The World's Fair is gone, but we shall have the Hot Time Minstrels, who are to resurrect the jokes of the pliocene period and the songs of the pithecanthropoid age at the Odeon next Monday night, if the police do not interfere. The Hot Time Minstrels are not wholly harmless, but they are an institution as much as the Veiled Prophets, the D. O. C. ball, the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, the Evangelical Alliance, the Apollo Club or the Morgan Club. Therefore we must stand for them, and go and hear their show at whatever cost of personal suffering. If only the Hot Time Minstrels had secured a concession on the Pike, what money—and noise—they'd have made. Hagenback would have gone down to the river and jumped up onto the bridge. Here's hoping that the Hot Timers do their—is it best or worst?—well, that they "do" us, since its all for charity.



Maroney.

TUESDAY morning's *Globe-Democrat* informs us that Andrew C. Maroney is to be appointed Excise Commissioner. Splendid. He's about the only Democratic politician in St. Louis who isn't ready to lick Ed Butler's boots when Butler calls. It is to be sincerely hoped that the *Globe-Democrat's* tale is true.



The Pity of It.

"Not failure, but low aim is crime." It is too bad if Mr. Carnegie's signature on Miss Chadwick's hypothecated notes are forgeries. If they were gen-

uine the old Scotch fakir would be, to the extent of the notes' value, cured of his flim-flam and flapdoodle library-giving habit. Alas, Mr. Carnegie is going to die rich, notwithstanding all efforts to separate him from his coin. And how "easy" are some financiers. They fall to a "hot air" siren for chunks of cash, but they bite a square man's quarter to see if it's good. Too bad, also, that the greater part of the world is honest. If it were not, the Irishman's profound observation, "No use talkin', thim rich people do have money," would not be true.



Another Job for Dave.

AS THE MIRROR goes to press this week a "tip" comes drifting into the office to the effect that a movement is a-borning to make David R. Francis the next Democratic nominee for Mayor. The idea back of the movement is that the World's Fair Maker can be elected, and that with him in the office the benefits flowing from the Fair could be more immediately realized than by any other means. Whatever else may be said for this proposition, it has, at least, the merit of novelty.



Convict Labor Problem.

UNLESS all signs are misleading, the Missouri Legislature will have a vexing time of it this winter with the convict labor problem. By the time the new year rolls around the present prison contracts will have expired and the State will be face to face with the problem of how best to employ the 1,100 or more prisoners who will then be idle in their cells in the penitentiary. It will be up to the Legislature to solve the problem and solve it quickly. Party lines should be obliterated in the speedy settlement of this question, for it would never do to have a prison full of men unoccupied for any length of time. Even the obnoxious contract system of to-day would be better than that. Besides, there is no need for delay. The Legislature's course seems clear enough to grant speedy relief. They have the experience of other States, which have abolished prison contract labor, to guide them. Their evi-

dence is that the prisoners must be employed at something that will keep the entire force engaged day in and day out. Making the articles needed in the State's eleemosynary institutions would never do because the work is not sufficient. The only feasible plan suggested is to employ the convicts on the public roads at the expense of the counties benefitted by their work. But there is grave doubt that Republicans and Democrats will be able to agree upon this. That there will be a long drawn out discussion of the question now seems likely, and meanwhile, the present contractors having withdrawn, the penitentiary will rapidly become what Senator-elect Thomas E. Kinney terms an "idiot factory." If there's going to be a deadlock on the question it would be more humane to renew at once the contractor's leases and resume operations under the present system.



A Good One.

HERE'S the best *mot* I've read in a coon's age. "Many a man," said Mr. Walter C. Kerr, the great electrical engineer, in a recent address at Stevens' Institute, "is surrounded with opportunities who never seizes one. There are traditions that Adam, William Tell and Sir Isaac Newton each had an affair with an apple, but with different results."



A Boreome War.

EVEN the biggest thing may become a chestnut. The public is growing weary of the Russo-Japanese war. Port Arthur refuses to fall. Kuropatkin is not whipped, and won't surrender. The Japanese are not following up their first brilliant successes. In brief, the war isn't a good show, and the news from it is not a lively story. Mayhap this public attitude may induce the performers to retire from the boards. Without applause they won't relish their work for long. It would be well if public opinion, to the effect I have described, would bring about negotiations for peace. A war that is a bore to the world's spectators is the worst kind of a war, and a movement to stop it will have universal approval.

Roosevelt's Mother Message

By William Marion Reedy

WHAT a queer message is Roosevelt's first after his election! How agreeably different! It is didactic, but it is not dry. It gets away from politics into the larger, the universal issues. The race-suicide theme is a new note in a message. Even stronger is the tone of warning against the passages relating to capital and labor that does not sound like the utterance of a trimmer. The President is still committed to the strenuous policy, but strenuousness isn't the bugaboo it was. We are now used to the word and know its meaning, its synonymy with earnestness and antonymy to bluster. Temperateness marks the message all through. Temperateness is only sanity. If the message promises little against the trusts it is probably because the President is waiting for facts and is wary of throwing a bomb into Congress towards the end of his "first term," as he calls it. It is a well-poised public document, and only fanatics can find fault with it. But the thing that is going to send it gloriously down the grooves of time is the mother note. The world is a music-hall and the mother song always catches the crowd. Maybe it's all right, but I can't help thinking that men who are so eloquent in advocating motherhood wouldn't be quite so eloquent if

they had to take its first desperate, painful chances and then endure the subsequent drag and the dread of a thousand threats of Time and Chance and Fate against the offspring as the mother has to bear them. As to babies, I wonder if President Roosevelt never had a lot of them around him and felt like Charles Lamb, when he drank his toast "to good King Herod." Babies are necessary, to be sure, but—did the President ever read a book called "Ginx's Baby?" It may be bad to prevent the babies coming, but what of those who come only to agonize through a sordid life to an ignominious death? What numbers of babies of whom it may be said, it were better had they never been born! What is needed is not more babies, but better chances in life for so many of the babies that do come down the rainbow only to hit the ground too hard and hurtfully when they alight, and to move, maimed and lamed in spirit all their days, to a death only less hopeful than their lives. The President thinks his policy will provide the chances. We all hope so. And we believe in his sincerity of purpose. And we feel that Theodore Roosevelt is as affectionate as he is earnest, that essentially he is energized by the charity well bespoken by Apostle Paul.

The Pique of M. Picard

French Commissioner On the Fair

WHEN M. Alfred Picard, the French Commissioner to the St. Louis World's Fair, recently arrived at Havre *en voyage* home, he did not hesitate to unbosom himself in a generous fashion in regard to his experiences in the metropolis of the Mississippi Valley and his general impressions of the World's Fair and America and its people. Said he, in response to questions fired at him by an editor of the *Petit Parisien*:

"I have been at St. Louis for two months, and this is the opinion I have formed of the great Exposition: It is not a National one, it is simply local, a St. Louis enterprise, nothing more. Its importance has been absurdly exaggerated. There were only three countries which figured there in a notable manner, France, Germany and Japan. The latter, however, did not have such an impressive, artistic display at St. Louis as it had at Paris in 1900. The French exhibits carried off first honors. What interested me particularly was the remarkable agricultural exhibit. So far as everything else is concerned, it may be said, without hesitation, that it was of but minor importance.

"The Americans are very different from the Latins. They lack the artistic spirit and taste. They content themselves with producing, with invading markets, with the accumulation of vast fortunes. They do not care for elegance, for æstheticism, nor, in short, for anything else that fascinates and delights us. This deficiency will perhaps disappear later on. How proud they are of their wonderful productive power in industry and agriculture! They must be accepted as they are.

"A few days after my arrival at St. Louis, I made an official call upon Mr. Francis, and gave a dinner in his honor. Mr. Francis attended, naturally, but he never returned the courtesy in any wise whatsoever. On the contrary, during the two months of my sojourn in St. Louis, I never received a visit from Mr. Francis. It was only on the eve of my departure for France that Mr. Francis decided to accord me the honor of a salutation. This, of course, caused considerable discontent among French exhibitors.

"The Americans are 'bluffing'. There was absolutely nothing transcendental about the St. Louis Exposition. American highways are miserable. There's only one important thing in which the Americans are our superiors, and that is the social condition of their working classes. America is the land of money, of the dollar. My American impressions and studies have resulted in nothing that could be of interest or benefit to Paris."

The same editor has the following to say about the Garde Republicaine, members of which he interviewed: "I hardly dare to speak of the Garde Republicaine. It has been treated miserably, ignominiously, worse than emigrants. It was only at Montreal that they were partly consoled for their humiliating experiences at St. St. Louis. One of the musicians told me bluntly: 'Don't mention St. Louis and America to me. America is a wretched country; we received no thanks there of any kind. A lot of vexations was all they gave us.' At a certain official banquet, they handed to M. Pares a list of musical selections to be

played by the Garde Republicaine. For some reason or other, the programme of toasts was changed. This caused the playing of the "Marseillaise" after the remarks of the German Commissioner. When asked to play the "Wacht am Rhein," M. Pares excused himself, saying his men did not know how to play it. This originated the suspicion and talk that the Garde Republicaine did not care to satisfy the wishes of the Germans and their friends, and gave rise to an extended unfriendly discussion and a sarcastic criticism of our men in the various newspapers."

In regard to the "Wacht am Rhein" incident, *Gil Blas*, another Parisian paper, published the following: "It's well known that the Garde Republicaine refused to play the German national anthem at the St. Louis Exposition. It was only after M. Picard had given a peremptory order to play it, that the French musicians decided to play the "Wacht am Rhein." It may be added, at the same time, that the rendition of it was anything but artistic. As soon as General Andre, the Minister of War, heard of the unpleasant incident, he at once dispatched an order commanding the Garde to return home. All the musicians were practically placed under arrest."

THE END OF THE SEASON

There were some scars upon his face
He was a bird, he said,
MET a little quarterback.
And bumps upon his head.

"Our bunch is to the bad," said he,
"We are a crippled crowd.
This morning when I looked them o'er
I swear I wept aloud."

"How many are there on your team?"
I asked the tearful lad,
"How many did you have before
They put you to the bad?"

"Alas," said he, "a few are here,
And some, I trust, in heaven.
Before the season opened up
I think we were eleven.

"We were a sassy bunch," quoth he,
"Before we got our pull back.
Two of us in the churchyard lie—
Our center and our fullback.

"Our right guard broke his vertebra,
Our left guard lost an arm;
I am the only player left
Who has not met with harm."

I sought to ascertain from him
How many were in heaven;
But he could only weep and say,
"Kind sir, we were eleven!"

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Rag and a Bone

and a Hank of Hair

THE argent lights were splendidly becoming to the woman. The roundness of her exquisitely pink cheek and the red-gold in her hair showed dazzlingly beautiful beneath them against the blue. A breathing, palpitating cameo in relief against a velvet, lyre-shaped background; a graceful, violet-fragrant presence bathed in a flood of white.

She snuggled back among the cushions and gazed through half-closed eyes at her blinking jewels.

"Now, if you were roughened at the tips," raising her hands, "and grimy and ringless, with this nail broken across the point, one would scarcely believe you had known ease, or diamonds, or—Jim."

The red and white brilliancy on one dimpled thumb winked and twinkled conceitedly, repeating colors that half New York had envied. Her brows contracted.

"I'll swear, though, you were never modeled for that other life," she added.

"My, but I'll miss these fool things!" Her eyes traveled lingeringly across the space of white and gold; beautiful odd conceits filled the room. Pictures everywhere—some of them sombre, but most of them in flesh tints—and each bearing a name that spelled fortunes. Busts in ivory, statuettes, bronzes, a marble Clytie with "Blondie" scratched irreverently across the base; queer devices in brass and sandalwood girding little stacks of wax tapers and gold-tipped cigarettes; music-boxes; pile cushions running to golden; curtains and rugs in dead white with uncertain yellow threads through their lengths; an etching of a horse's

head with wide nostrils and small, pointed ears; the photograph of a man smiling gaily and bearing across his shirt front the legend, "To Blondie, from Jim." Over this the woman stooped and held the face against her own in a childish way, answering it bravely enough, but when she replaced it beside the violets down its shining front was was a wet streak.

It was raining drearily outside. The woman shuddered sympathetically.

"Best get it over with." She had stood over the desk a full minute. "Best get it over." Then she wrote:

Dear Jim's Mother:

You are entirely correct; we weren't really married. Jim just liked me, and we stayed here—together.

You will find his things packed; and this other stuff—it's really his, of course—and all the rest.

I'm taking Fifi; she whines for me, now Jim is dead.

Don't send another "go-between" and don't worry; Jim was square with me.

I should have liked to come to the funeral; perhaps you didn't quite understand. Sometimes people love each other when they live—differently.

AGNES WESTON.

She rang the bell and handed the letter to a messenger.

"One more and I'm through with Madison avenue."

She wrote less hurriedly now:

Dear Bertie:

Will you see that Jim's mother gets his things? They are ready. I'm taking Fifi.

I am going back to cigarette rolling. If Jim

Nugent's

Something that will never happen again! Great display of the
World's Fair
PRIZE DOLLS



The entire Grand Prize Sonneberg exhibit from the German section of the Varied Industries Building is now ready for the little folks and their parents in Nugent's Doll Department.

Dolls galore! Big ones and little ones! Dressed Dolls, Kid Dolls, Jointed Dolls! By far the finest Doll family that ever crossed the Atlantic! Every one a prize winner! Every one a little gem! We bought them very, very cheap, and we'll sell them the same way! Come before the choicest are gone!



B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Company, Broadway, Washington Ave.
and St. Charles Street.

had wanted it different he'd have made it so. You can't induce me to fight for what he withheld.

He was square with me; when I find fault, then you may. I knew before you wrote me "what constitutes a marriage in this State;" don't repeat it. You were his friend, weren't you? God! you talk about honor. Don't turn lawyer now. I don't want your advice.

I've told his mother, anyway, so I'm out of it, no matter how much I may want to crawl back to these soft fool things.

No, I don't want your help in the "other way," either; I don't think you quite understand.

BLONDIE.

P. S.—Just don't try to look me up. I won't have it.—B.

"I'd nearly forgotten Nan." Then she wrote:

Dear Girl:

I'm awfully sorry not to make one of your "first-nighters." But I'm giving up here at the Columbia—find I'm not quite so well fixed as I supposed.

Will you miss my rabbit parties, I wonder? Somehow it feels good to think so.

I'm grieving for Jim to-night; one's husband gets to be a part of oneself, dear. I keep remembering how he loved the white lights and music and all that; and it's raining out—there.

Lovingly,

BLONDIE.

"Now a bonfire, and then, Fifi, we'll take French leave." The woman seated herself at a bureau. First, a bundle of racing score-cards, the outer penciled across its margin: "Lost, but who cares; we're together," followed by a tiny pencil sketch of a pair of fluffy brown birds snuggling under each other's wings in a flurry of snow. Under this came one marked: "The day we won; Blondie is a mascot." And so on through the pack; "Lost," or "Won," and one at the very bottom, "The day I met Blondie." She hesitated over this last. Then came a package of letters with that handsome, masculine chirography running through each. "Sweetheart," one began, "'tis ages since yesterday, but I shall come to you to-night, though the world falls. The mater says I've duties. Bah! Some day we'll make it all straight. Look for me at eight and keep my Blondie safe for—Jim." This she put back in its folds and tucked away in her pocketbook.

"Now I'll sweep the board—not another line, else I'll lose nerve," came through shut teeth. The bundle was laid tenderly in the grate with others.

"Bad luck for a three," she repeated whimsically, counting the little torches broken at the point in lighting. "A pinch of salt"—she shook a silver and glass trifle over her left shoulder—"corrects it, however."

Presently she rang the bell.

"Tell Billie Worth when he calls, that I will let

him know about making my habit; he's not to buy the goods till he hears from me. And now you may bring my bill."

The boy grinned.

"God! I guess I wouldn't want to stay, anyway. They had a different way before—Jim died: still I—fee them."

One by one she turned out the lights till only one, a frosty opal over the dressing-table, remained. The

rain beat against the windows. Down in the street it was growing still. She looked out a moment and shuddered again; then, tucking Fifi beneath her arm, stepped jauntily to the mirror, her lips stiffening in an insolent smile. "Take a last peep, Fifi; for God's sake look a bit rakish, can't you? Don't whine; I don't. God! it takes sand, though."

She snapped the switch on the opal and felt her way to the door.—From *Tales from Town Topics*.

The Two Wagners

Charles and Richard

CHARLES leads the simple life; Richard led a double and twisted life. Those who deduce their sociology from philology say that the French have no idea of home because they have no word for it, but a very indefinite preposition. Therefore, says the *Independent*, it is worthy of note that Charles, the home-maker, is a Frenchman, and Richard, the home-breaker, was a German.

Richard was a poet; Charles writes pure prose.

Richard was artistic; Charles is nothing if not practical.

Both the player and the preacher must have his patron. Richard had his Ludwig; Charles has his Roosevelt. If that be treason, make the most of it. Ludwig went mad and drowned himself. Roosevelt still lives and reason holds her throne.

You can buy the works of Charles on the curb for five cents; you cannot get a footing in the topmost loft to overhear Richard for less than a dollar. Measured as all things are by money, it takes, then, twenty of Charles to make one of Richard.

Their popularity is in the inverse order. Originality attracts attention, but to be truly popular one must be commonplace. Sky rockets are good for the Fourth of July, but kerosene lamps are preferable for the household. No doubt it is a merciful provision of Providence that Tupper was more popular than Swinburne, and that the readers of Will Carleton outnumber those of Omar Khayyam. What a world this would be to live in if of the Merediths, more people liked George than Owen, and if Pater sold better than

"Pansy." Be esoteric and you will be admired; be trite and you will be adored.

A world full of Charleses would be a dull gray world, safe, sane and salubrious. A world full of Richards is inconceivable. For a world so loaded with centrifugal sentiments would fly from the orbit of civilization into anarchistic space.

On the whole it would probably not be safe to exceed the empirical ratio of twenty men of the type of Charles to one of the style of Richard. The best tasting cakes as well as the most wholesome contain more flour than spice.

Richard was a revolutionist; Charles is a conservative. The one labored to make us dissatisfied; the object of the other is to keep us contented. We need both. We should both grow and keep, so the innovator and the conservator are alike necessary.

Charles is a Protestant; Richard a ritualist. Some people take their religion straight. Others prefer it diluted and flavored. It is a matter of taste. It is of no use to appeal directly to a man's sense of duty till you find out if he has one, nor to waste good music on dull ears. There are many who would be deaf to the pulpit who will listen to "Parsifal." To hearts barred to Charles, the moralist, Richard, the musician, may find entrance, and, moving him with a concord of sweet sounds, as well as by other sounds neither concordant nor sweet, render him less fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

"Charles and Richard, Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom has use for them all."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

CONCERNING A RECORD.

St. Louis, Dec. 4, 1904.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

"O. R. L.," in his letter to the MIRROR says truly "Mr. Kerens has no army record, never having carried a musket or wielded a sword." Will the Loyal Legion publicly explain how he could be admitted, some of its members at least being aware of his record? Would it not be well to controvert the assertion by O. R. L. that "Mr. R. C. Kerens' military record consists in the fact that he was a sutler and after the war disposed of army mules and captured Confederate live stock left him by Col. Churchill, who commanded in Arkansas at the time," a statement which reflects discredit on Col. Churchill. A denial of this would be in order from Col. C.

Yours truly,

B. O. N.

WARNINGS BY WYOMING BANKS

Apropos of the recent bank robbery at Cody, it may be interesting to know that most of the Wyoming banks display the following sign:

Member American Sharpshooting Association.

Patrons thinking an error has been made are requested not to shoot the cashier before investigation.

Strangers must enter the bank holding their hands above their heads or they will be fired on by the staff.

Deposits of persons killed on the premises remain the property of the bank.

The bank will not be responsible for lost guns or bowie knives.

Patrons desirous of keeping in practice are requested to shoot the pens from the clerks' hands and to leave the cashier undisturbed.

Persons desirous of transacting business quickly will please remember that shooting out the lights tends to delay rather than hasten the work of the staff.

Undertakers.—This bank will not be responsible for the funeral bills of persons killed by the staff in the course of business.—Portland Oregonian.

St. Louis' Leading Confectionery Store.

When you were engaged
THE YOUNG LADY RECEIVED A BOX OF

Kuyler's

ALMOST DAILY—
HOW OFTEN DOES
YOUR WIFE NOW RECEIVE
A BOX OF THESE
DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS?

REPENT AND MAIL YOUR
ORDERS, AT SHORT INTERVALS, TO

Kuyler's 716 OLIVER STREET
ST. LOUIS

EIGHTEEN OTHER STORES & SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE.
CANDIES SENT ANYWHERE BY MAIL & EXPRESS.

DIAMONDS AND CHRISTMAS

go together. There can be nothing more appropriate for a gift than a beautiful diamond ring—one of our diamond rings.

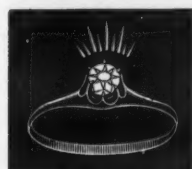
NOTE PARTICULARLY THESE LOW PRICES



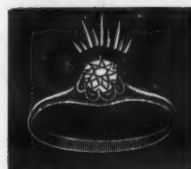
\$40.00.
Twisted Wire Mounting.



\$135.00.
Round Wire Mounting.

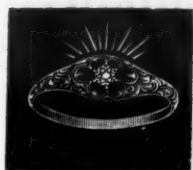


\$40.00.
Plain Skeleton Mounting.



\$65.00.
Plain Skeleton Mounting.

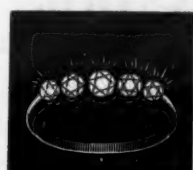
We show here only the most stylish mountings and settings, in solid gold. The diamonds are the very finest brilliant cut stones. These are in perfect taste for Engagement Rings—and we have an unsurpassed assortment of others at from \$6.75 to \$5,000.



\$13.00.
Solitaire Diamond.



\$36.00.
2 Beautiful Diamonds.



\$85.00.
5 Fine Diamonds.



\$60.00.
Fancy Carved Mounting.

Our assortment of precious stone jewelry is unique in its beauty, size and wonderful variety. Necklaces, \$50 to \$25,000; Brooches, \$25 to \$10,000; Bracelets, \$15 to \$2,000; Shirt Studs, Locketts, Cuff Buttons, etc., etc. PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST.

MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.

Broadway and Locust Street,

Saint Louis.

AS TO EYE-GLASSES

Few persons whose eyes are failing reflect upon the consequences of neglecting this important organ, although every day they may be brought face to face with some incident or other that should spur them to action. There are, for instance, many prominent men whose eyesight is failing and neglected, who are constantly in trouble because of having passed this, that or some other friend, acquaintance or client upon the street without recognizing them. It keeps them busy explaining and apologizing. But there are others. You have noticed them, perhaps—the men who are constantly having narrow escapes from injury because their eyes deceive them. Now, all these men should wear glasses. It is absolutely necessary for their social, physical and financial welfare. And they should wear the best, which means they should wear the famous "Kryptop" invisible bifocal glasses manufactured by the A. S. Aloe Company, 513 Olive street, St. Louis. These glasses received the highest award, a gold medal, at the World's Fair, and better evidence still of their quality, are the many thousands that were sold to visitors from all parts of the world, North and South America, and the Continent, England, China, Japan and the Far East. Never was there such unanimity of praise and approval of eye glasses as has been and is still being bestowed on Aloe's "Kryptops." If you need a pair, and there are few persons nowadays who aren't in need of glasses, remember

It's worth while looking at our
Holiday Line

UMBRELLAS

AND
CANES

Namendorf's
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A Useful Gift and a
good place to buy it.

519
LOCUST

"Kryptop" is the brand, and Aloe's, 513 Olive street, the place to buy them.

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Original designs in Art Nouveau Jewelry.

"Which would you rather have, influence or affluence?" asked the earnest man.

"Influence," replied the practical politician. "Give me that and the affluence will come easy."

Mrs. Knicker—"Why did you leave your last mistress?"

Bridget—"Begobs, did you icipit me to take her along wid me?"—New York Sun.

"Can you forgive me and love me still?" said the newly-made bride, "when I confess that my teeth are artificial?"

"The Hotel Success of St. Louis."

The Hamilton

(Cor. Hamilton and Maple Aves.)
Located in the choicest section of the city. Nothing like it west of New York. Rooms single or en suite, with Bath. Balls, parties and receptions a specialty. Bowling, billiards, turkish baths, etc. A delightful home for winter. For rates, etc., write W. F. Williamson, Mgr.

"Thank heaven!" cried the groom, as he snatched off his wig; "now I can cool my head."

MARKS OF ONE'S VOCATION

The observation has been made that you can tell a violinist by the fact that he carries his head on one side. So, too, you can tell the cornetist, as a rule, by the peculiar pucker of his lip. The upper lip is generally drawn in the center, and is inclined to stick out just a little beyond the normal line.

Cavalrymen, if in service long enough, have bow legs and will generally stand with their feet some distance apart, as if making room for a horse between their legs. The painter generally has the mark of the palette pole on his thumb. The pianist has big hands. Men and women who scrub floors generally have big knees, whence we get the medical term housemaid's knee. These are only some of the ways we have of telling what a man does, and I may add, these are the easier ways.

Of course, there are many callings in the world which make it easy to class persons who follow them if we are the least bit observant. We know the judge, for instance, by his measured speech and the dignity he assumes. There is but little chance of making a mistake in the lawyer or the doctor, though members of these professions have of late years shown a tendency to dress and act more like ordinary mortals. Doctors are not as prone to wear side whiskers now as they used to be, and the lawyer has come to dress more like the business man.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Odd Styles Stationery and Xmas Cards.

Patrolman Plischke of the Los Angeles police force is a man of resources, as he proved one evening not long ago. He belongs to the bicycle squad, and was walking along a handsome residence street when he observed a suspicious stranger who was unable to give a good account of himself. The officer found on the man a porch-climber's

outfit, including a dark lantern and a coil of rope. Plischke did not think he could handle his prisoner and at the same time take care of his wheel, which he feared to leave behind. So he made the man put his hands on either side of a lamp post and handcuffed him there. Then he went for help.



THE FOOD CONNOISSEUR

Have you ever met the connoisseur of good eating? Of course you know the fellow who can tell from experience and a cultivated taste where to get the best drink of wine or liquor, the best cigar and the finest sartorial articles, but this chap who has cultivated the eating idea is a rarity. He exists, however, and he is quite numerous, though scattered considerably over the country. St. Louis has a number of them whom it is a pleasure to meet. How to identify any of them is easy. His conversational topic is food—food, food, food. No matter what there may be startling in life, in any part of the world, to engage other persons in conversation he talks about food. He'll "butt into" any old *tete-a-tete* with a dissertation on the newest dish at so and so's, and will tell you how this or that *chef* is going to serve the New Year's turkey dinner. And he is generally a word painter. The picture he draws of a dinner or supper makes your mouth water, until you think a Johnstown flood has struck you in the face. And this fellow is always fat and jolly, and his chin is always red and shiny, the oleaginous evidence of man's a feast. And do you know where he and his fellows go to satiate that inward craving for the "fat of the land?" No place but Laughlin's, northeast corner of Seventh and Locust streets, where the cuisine is excellent, the service quick, and intelligent. Special attention is given to theater or other parties.



WHERE THE MIRACLE CAME IN

"Well, Uncle Rasbery, how did you like the sermon?"

"It war a pow'ful sermon, Marse John."

"What was it about?"

"It war 'bout de mir'cle of 7,000 loaves and 5,000 fishes bein' fed to the Twelve 'Postles."

"Seven thousand loaves and 5,000 fishes being fed to the Twelve Apostles? But where does the miracle come in?"

Uncle Rasbury scratched his head a few moments, meditatively. Then he replied: "Well, Marse John, de mir'cle, 'cording to my peyception of de circumstances, is dey all didn't bust."—*Birmingham (England) Post.*



CARMODY'S GOOD GOODS

Now that the World's Fair is over, Capt. P. J. Carmody, the proprietor of one of the finest liquor stores in the city, 213 North Eighth street, has again restored the old and popular scale of prices which prevailed in his establishment prior to the opening of the Exposition. It is commonly known that the name Carmody back of any liquor or cigar is a guarantee of the genuineness of the brand and purity of quality. The liquors and wines sold

Suggestions for

Christmas Gifts

Selected from among many hundreds of other beautiful and useful articles for personal use or adornment, that are to be found here; all desirable and appropriate gifts and at much smaller prices than prevail elsewhere.

FOR LADIES

Diamond Brooches.....\$ 7.50 up
Diamond Bracelets.....\$10.00 up
Diamond Earrings.....\$15.00 up
Diamond Rings.....\$15.00 up
Jeweled Necklaces.....\$ 7.00 up
Gold Watches.....\$17.50 up

FOR GENTLEMEN

Diamond Rings.....\$20.00 up
Diamond Scarf Pins...\$ 5.50 up
Diamond Watch Charms\$ 7.00 up
Gold Signet Rings.....\$ 4.00 up
Gold Watches.....\$25.00 up
Gold Filled Watches..\$ 8.50 up

Quality considered, our prices are the lowest—always.

F. W. DROSTEN,

Seventh and Pine.

ELEGANT ELECTRIC AND MASSAGE PARLORS

FOR TREATMENT OF DISEASES BY
ELECTRICITY AND MASSAGE

MANICURING, HAIR DRESSING AND CHIROPODY

Private Sanitarium, 512 Washington Ave.,
Woman's Department, under Supervision of
Dr. M. M. Harris.

St. Louis, Mo.
Men's Department, under Supervision of
Carl Frisk, late of Hot Springs, Ark.



LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST RESTAURANT

IN ST. LOUIS

Three Large, Separate Dining
Rooms and Several Smaller
Rooms for Private Dinner
Parties.

Chemical Building, 8th and Olive St.

Music by Vogel's Orchestra Every Evening

at Carmody's are just as they are described—no blends, no mixtures, no adulterations. The proof of this is best furnished by a trial.

The very finest whiskies—rye, bourbon, imported Scotch or Irish, all pure, may be had at prices which enable all to buy. Ten cents secures a drink of the best—either of straight whisky, mixed drinks or the purest wines. How can Carmody afford to do this, you may ask. That's easy. Capt. Carmody is easily the best posted liquor dealer in the city; in fact, there are few in the West who know as much as he of liquors. No distillery's agent has ever been able to fool him on stock, and when they come to him with the real article he is not satisfied with a barrel or two—he buys as much as the company will sell him. Buying this way is buying the best advantageously. It gives the purchaser opportunity to sell at popular prices, because buying in bulk, he has saved much on the price of the goods. It's the same way with everything in Carmody's stock. It is bought in large orders, and the agreement is that it must always be the best. This is what's made the reputation of Carmody's liquors, drinks and cigars. They are known everywhere—not only in St. Louis, but throughout the country. If you haven't tried any of the good old stuff the Captain has now in stock, you had better do so. And don't forget to lay in a supply of it for the holidays. Capt. Carmody, you know, pays special attention to family trade.

After the theater, before the matinee, or when down town shopping

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

MISS BANKHEAD,

34 W. 17th Street, New York City.

Large, cool rooms, with private baths; convenient for shopping; excellent home table. Refined parties desired. References exchanged.

Schoen's Orchestra

Office—Odeon, Room T. House Phone—K Delmar 864.

**HERBERT C. CHIVERS
ARCHITECT**
HIGH-CLASS WORK
319-320-321 WALKWRIGHT BUILDING
KIRKLUCK 4-799 BELL MAIN 1014 M

Mrs. Bride—"Norah, what is that loud-voiced man in the alley calling out?"

Norah—"Rags an' old iron, mem."

Mrs. Bride—"Tell him we don't want any."



The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Galle and Iridescent Bohemian Glass.

Judge & Dolph's

Cold Cream

Is a very superior article, prepared especially to meet the requirements of all who, while realizing the virtues of cold cream, are deterred from using the ordinary kinds because of their greasy effect and unpleasant look and odor. J. & D. cold cream is absolutely white—perfectly white—and is immediately absorbed by the skin, leaving no grease.

Largely used by the theatrical profession. 25 cents a jar at the

Judge & Dolph

Drug Co.

515 Olive St. St. Louis.

NEW BOOKS

John Lane, the New York publisher, will soon present a volume entitled "Imperial Vienna," by A. S. Levetus. The author does not neglect the historical side of his subject, rich in all its crowded centuries of incident and charm, but he concerns himself mainly with the associations of the romantic and interesting capital; with the architecture of the city—in which point especially the vivid commentary supplied by the numerous illustrations by Erwin Puchinger, is particularly welcome—the pageantry of religious and court ceremonies, the musical life, and all the various activities in art and enterprise that bring the capital its high renown. With its up-to-date improvements, its elaborate system of electric tramways, its metropolitan railways and modern means of transit, to mention only one side of Vienna's urban development, it can hold its own with any of the great cities of the world. On the other hand much of the old mediaeval charm still abides. The volume will cost \$5.00.

Roland C. Bowman aspires to be a poet laureate of childhood. In a volume entitled "Freckles and Tan," many of the grown-up children will find narrated in ringing verse, many of the things that pleased or oppressed in their days of boyhood. The author seems to have an abiding fondness for the days and doings of the long ago. The volume is from the Rand, McNally press, of Chicago.

Among the fine specimens of artistic book-making of the season are two volumes from the press of J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, devoted to Rubens. They contain a photograph and a critical appreciation of the painter by Max Rooses, and in them are collected some of the most characteristic and famous paintings from the master's hands. There are nearly 100 illustrations, in-

cluding a number of rich maps and delicate photogravures, together with reproductions in tint and a large number of smaller engravings which are remarkable for their fidelity and fine lines.

A unique little book "101 Salads," though not intended for a regular cookbook, but more for suggestions in variety and novel and dainty ways of serving, will be a welcome gift to homes and those hospitably inclined, as it is not the "hit or miss" variety, but decidedly practical in the recipes. It is from the press of Paul Elder & Company, of San Francisco, and its price is \$1.00 per copy.

E. R. Buckley, Ph. D., State Geologist, has prepared a volume known as Vol. II., of the reports of the Bureau of Geology and Mines, which may be regarded as a handy book of reference for all who are interested in geology. It is a discussion of the quarry industry, and includes a series of careful tests on stone from many of the quarries of the State. There are any number of helpful maps and illustrations scattered through the work and one map in particular of the entire State shows the location of all the important quarries. The volume, at first glance, may be regarded as dry reading, but Prof. Buckley has infused into the work a certain quality that makes it interesting, even to the lay reader.

In "The Story of a Mission Indian," Kathryn Wallace takes the white man to task for his treatment of the red man, but unfolds a touching little tale for children concerning the faith of little Antonio Cava, an Indian youth, in the Blessed Virgin. It is a story of a religious character, which carries the reader along to the end with ever increasing interest. The volume is from the press of Richard Badger, of Boston.

The well known English annuals, *The Illustrated London News*, *London Graphic*, *Pear's Annual* and *Black and White*, have long been famous for the beauty and finish of their Christmas editions and their tasty art supplements, but this year they have surpassed all previous efforts both in literary and artistic merit. The cover designs are the work of well known artists and are handsomely executed in colors. The illustrations, contributed articles and short stories are all excellently done, so that the journals are at once a delight to the eye and a treat to the mind. The letter-press is also in keeping with the other artistic features of the publications, and even the advertisements, of which there are a goodly number, are attractive and interesting. These journals are always welcome at this period of the year. They breathe the spirit of Christmas and good cheer and give the soul of the reader an uplift that is ever to be pleasantly remembered. Moreover, while the journals themselves may be laid aside or forgotten in time, there is always a reminder of their coming, to greet you in the shape of the handsome art supplements—pretty pictures in colors, reproduc-

Christmas Gifts

We are showing an endless variety of goods suitable for Christmas Presents. All the newest ideas in

LEATHER GOODS,
STERLING AND QUADRUPLE PLATED
SILVER, CUT GLASS,
BRONZE, IVORY, MARBLE, PICTURES,
AND JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS.

It would be well to make your selections at an early date, as our stock is now complete in every detail, and no doubt will be much broken later on.

The PALACE
512 Locust St.
THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE NOVELTY
HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

PHONE MAIN 676 A.
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

Artistic
Diamond Jewelry
and **Silverware**

A. KURTZEBORN & SONS,
310 North Sixth.

JOHN D. MORRIS & COMPANY

ANNOUNCE THE COMPLETION OF

**IRISH
LITERATURE**

IN TEN BEAUTIFUL VOLUMES.

Edited by Justin McCarthy, as Editor-in-Chief, and Douglas Hyde, LL.D., Maurice F. Egan, LL.D., James Jeffrey Roche, LL.D., Lady Gregory, Charles Welsh, W. B. Yeats, Dr. George Sigerson and Stephen Gwynn, as Associate Editors and Special contributors.

CONTAINS

the best of nearly two thousand years of Irish Literature, Gaelic and English; complete stories, poems, anecdotes, memoirs, character sketches, reminiscences, dramatic scenes, orations, historic descriptions, essays, science and travel, ballads, folklore, fables, legends, and vast, unsuspected manuscript treasure hidden away in old universities, museums, libraries, castles, churches and private collections, presenting such an assemblage of interesting reading as has never before been published. Nearly 5,000 pages—130 photogravure and half-tone portraits—The work of more than 350 noted authors—A brief biography of each author—Many scenic and other illustrations in color—Reproductions of illuminated manuscripts, ancient prints, etc.

A MARVELOUS WORLD OF
NEW LITERARY TREASURE

Few persons have realized what a wealth of rare song and beautiful story, what a spirit of heroism and chivalry was hid away in the literature of the Emerald Isle. The editors of this work have revealed to the world the history, poetry and romance of a heroic age and the richest qualities of the Celtic genius, which has been a chief component part of English literature. Here at last a supremely gifted race comes to its rightful heritage and receives its own long-denied legacy of fame. This matchless set of books is the first and only complete survey of Irish life and letters, and is the outcome of a desire to present

THE NATIONALITY OF IRISH GENIUS AND THE
INTELLECTUAL GLORY OF THE EMERALD ISLE

which extends from the Old Bardic Literature down to the latest piquant drolleries of Seumas McManus and the best writers of the Modern School. It sparkles with Sheridan's wit; shines with the genial philosophy of Goldsmith; flashes out the eloquence of Daniel O'Connell, and echoes with the lyrical music of Thomas Moore, Steele's classic diction, the impassioned rhetoric of Grattan, and Lover's rollicking fun contrast with the weightier learning of O'Curry, and the iron logic of Molineaux.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS TERMS TO
MIRROR READERS

In order to introduce Irish Literature at once, we have decided to make a special discount to Christmas subscribers. Kindly fill out the attached coupon, mail it to us immediately, and we will forward to you full particulars of prices and special terms of the Library in various styles of bindings, together with

A VERY BEAUTIFUL FREE SPECIMEN
PORTFOLIO

containing biographies, special articles, some of the finest prose and poetical creations of Irish authors, orators, statesmen, essayists, and humorous writers, with a large number of beautiful colored illustrations, portraits and beautiful Irish scenes.

JOHN D. MORRIS & COMPANY,
1201 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CUT OFF AND MAIL TO-DAY

John D. Morris & Company, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—

Kindly send me postpaid, Portfolio of sample pages of Irish Literature, with full particulars of bindings, introductory prices, and special terms.

Name

Street

City State M. I. S.

tions of masterpieces or less famous paintings, old and new, which the recipient never fails to have framed and hung upon the walls of dining room, boudoir or den.

There is in "The Truants," a novel by A. E. W. Mason, issued by Harper Brothers, of New York, something akin to a moral or object lesson for newly married couples. The story deals with a couple who are living with the young man's father, a miserly old hypochondriac, who makes life miserable for both, and finally proves to be the spur that drives the bridegroom forth to earn his own ducats and home and laurels. He leaves his bride and wanders about the world to seek his fortune. At this juncture comes on the scene *Pamela Mordale*, a somewhat unique personality, rather cleverly drawn, a woman who having suffered a great disappointment, at the outset of her social life, is robbed of all desire for an active part in the world about her. Love hath no charms for her apparently. She is merely a "spectator" of the game of life. By pledging herself to watch over the young bride in the husband's absence

she assumes a task, the responsibility of which revives in her an interest in worldly affairs and ultimately she finds her own happiness in marriage.

Nowhere is Mr. Cutcliff-Hyne's ability to tell a stirring short story more evident than in his latest collection of tales entitled "Atoms of Empire," issued by the MacMillan Company, of New York. The stories are of all sorts and conditions. The tragic, the comic, the grim and gay are intermingled in a most fascinating manner in these sixteen stories. There are the fearful horror of the collision and shipwreck at sea, the floating morgue or cholera ship and, perhaps the most striking of all, the story of the sacrifice of a missionary as a step toward England's securing possession or dominion over the hinterland on the West African coast. The price of the volume, bound in cloth, is \$1.25.

Any one looking for a reference book of witty and humorous quotations will find the volume compiled and edited by Marshall Brown and issued by the Small, Maynard and Company publishers of Boston, a useful one. It contains in the neighborhood of 400 old and new quotations and shows their origin. An index simplifies the search for any quotation desired.

"Woman and Her Wits" is a compilation of epigrams, prepared by C. F. Monkshood. The author has gone to great pains to make the best showing possible and his research must have been a tedious one. The book is from the press of the H. M. Caldwell Company, of New York.

"Completed Proverbs," prepared by Lisle de Vaux. Matthewman and illustrated by Clare Victor Diggins, is a little volume that contains an abundance of bright little nothings and somethings that may be found interesting to many young readers. It is cleverly illustrated and neatly printed. It is from the press of Henry T. Coates & Company, of Philadelphia.

The story of an ambitious stage-struck youth, whose early struggles with Shakespeare occur while he is serving a detestable apprenticeship in his uncle's cooper shop, is cleverly and wittily told in "Eighteen Miles From Home," by William T. Hodge. The book is from the press of Small, Maynard and Company, of Boston.

"Irish Literature," a work which is destined to become a lasting and imperishable monument to the Irish race and which exploits the whole realm of Irish literary thought for a period of nearly 2,000 years, presenting for the first time the boundless wealth, wonderful versatility and exquisite beauty of the literature of the Emerald Isle, is now on the book market; a real Christmas treat for all readers, a volume worthy of a place in any library. It was prepared by a staff of authors and literateurs under the chief editorship of Bliss Carman, the well known New England bard, and was handsomely published by John D.

The J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

Diamond and Gem Merchants, Gold and Silversmiths, Stationers and Dealers in

Artistic Merchandise.

... FOR ...

Brides and Bridesmaids

We call special attention to our large stock of rich gem jewelry in original designs for the fall and winter seasons.

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

Locust and Seventh Sts.

The Man of Sorrows

Being a Little Journey to the Home of

Jesus of Nazareth

BY

Elbert Hubbard

A sincere attempt to depict the life, times and teachings, and with truth limn the personality of the Man of Sorrows.

Printed on Hand-made Paper, from a new font of Roman type. Special initials and ornaments. One hundred and fifty pages. A very beautiful book, bound solidly, yet simply, in limp leather, silk lined.

Price Per Volume \$2.00

THE ROYCROFTERS,

EAST AURORA, ERIE CO.,

NEW YORK.

A PRESS COMMENT.

If Elbert Hubbard's name lives in literature, it will not be on account of his exquisite *Philistine* fooling; nor yet because of that interesting trifle, *A Message to Garcia*. But it will be on account of this book, *THE MAN OF SORROWS*. Here is a limpid, lucid tale of a man's life as the author sees it—told as if it had never been told before—told without preaching; in language full of sympathy, tenderness and strong, quiet reserve. The book is an unconscious bid for immortality.—*Denver Post*.

The Mosher Books

The new catalogue for 1904, choicely printed in red and black, done up in old style blue wrappers, uncut edges, mailed free to all book-lovers who apply for it.

This is Mr. Mosher's only method of making his editions known. All possible value is put into the books issued by him, and they are then left to advertise themselves by their intrinsic merit

The entire line of The Mosher Books is for sale by

STIX, BAER & FULLER,
Grand Leader Book Dept.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Me.

Morris & Company, of Philadelphia. Perhaps there is no race in which the literary spirit and the love of literature is as strong as in the Irish. Ireland at its best, centuries ago, held her poets and men of letters in the highest esteem. Much of the ancient history of the nation, the stories of battles and glorious deeds of the Irish kings and warriors, were sung by the bards. And to-day their literature reveals all the characteristics of the Irish people. It is as many sided as they and in it we see their light sunny temperament, their love of great achievements, their generosity, their passionateness and their patriotic zeal. So "Irish Literature" should be read not only by every native born Irishman, not only by every American who boasts of Irish blood in his veins, but also by Americans generally.

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street.
Odd designs in Russian Brasses, Cop-
pers.

AT THE PLAY

BY W. M. R.

"Babes in Toyland."

A giddy gyre of girls on the stage, shapely girls, singsome girls! And that gay, gambolier and coryphaic connoisseur, Jimmy Cunningham, in the proscenium box at the Century. I knew it was to be a good show from the jump.

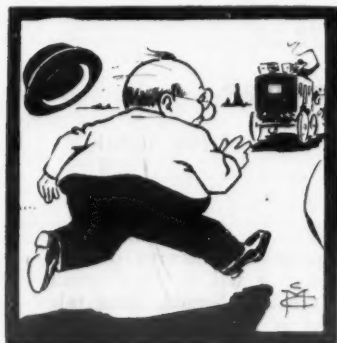
But "Babes in Toyland" is rather dull in the first act. One felt like one couldn't stay it out. The writhing comedians, *Roderigo* and *Gonzorgo*, were desperately unfunny, and they grew worse in the other acts. They almost spoiled the show.

The show is a pretty thing, reminiscent of the English Christmas spectacles. The idea of it is good enough to make one speculate what a real artist could have done with it. Hauptman or Sudermann, the German playwrights, could have handled it beautifully in a seriously mystical fashion. Glen McDonough did the best he could with it, within limitations. If his fancy were somewhat more delicate he might have made it a piece that would run for years in the Christmas season. As it is, his work is coarse. There are no light, graceful touches. The libretto is trifling, but not in an artistic way. The humor is common and the wit is of the street.

But for the stage carpenter, painter and electrician, the costumer and the drill-master the production would not appeal to the most embryotically artistic intelligence.

Victor Herbert's music saves it in places, especially where he weaves in his cello effects, as in the slumber numbers. The greater part of the music is mechanical, but there are places where Herbert is at his best self and he has written real music.

Mabel Barrison as *Jane*, carries off the honors with her songs and her dim-



It's getting to such a stage now that a man isn't actually correctly attired for a formal evening function unless he is in a MacCarthy-Evans White Double-Breasted Dress Waistcoat.

All our white dress waistcoats are made of soap-boiled fabrics—can't rust—won't fade—shrinking impossible.

\$8 to \$15.

MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.,

High-Grade Tailoring.

Medium-Grade Prices.

816-820 Olive St.

The Post Office is Opposite.

Phones: Main 2647; B 300

**Scarritt-
Comstock
Furniture Co.**
St. Louis.

Headquarters for
two generations for

**THE BEST
GOODS AT THE
LOWEST PRICES.**

ACRES OF SAMPLES.

Broadway and Locust.

Christmas Furniture

GIFTS \$1 to \$1,000

For Old and Young

The Most Extensive Christmas Assortment of
Beautiful Furniture Ever Shown Here.

A Gift From Us Lasts a Lifetime.

See Now, Select Now, While

The Assortment is Best.

ple. Her rendition of "I Can't Do That Sum," and "Beatrice Barefacts" is exceedingly good singing and acting of its kind. And Miss Barrison's dimple is a delight. Her dancing, too, is very expressive in its general resiliency.

Ignacio Martinetti as *Alan* is mildly interesting. He isn't much of a comedian or a singer, but he does as well as he can and he works conscientiously. As a dancer, however, he is all there.

May de Souza has a pretty face, pretty form and pretty voice. She is an actress who will improve. As *Contrary Mary* she is more than acceptable, especially in the song, "Barney O'Flynn," and in the duet, "Before and After."

Bessie Wynne as *Tom Tom*, the piper's son, is stunning in shape, and she knows the business of looking well. Her singing of the song, "Toyland," with its tenderly undulant chorus, is the hit of the performance.

Nellie O'Neill as *Jill*, is good in a mild sort of way in two or three absurdly extravagant make-ups, and she must be credited with lifting a small part into a prominence it has not naturally in the situations.

Charles Guyer as *Grumio*, is a remarkably lively tumbler and dancer, and his drinking scene is out of the ordinary in its grotesqueness. Gus Pixley as *Marmaduke*, a detective, is a broad take-off upon *Foxy Quiller*, the Bow street runner. His work is somewhat broad and raw, but it is what the part calls for. He gets the laugh and the hand, and that's what counts. Joseph Green as the *Master Toymaker*, is a respectable lay figure.

Fine chorus groupings and marches are frequent in the show, and the march of the Toy Soldiers is a bit of stage work of a sort never surpassed in any such show. It is remarkable for the

unanimity of the participants and their complete success in preserving the attitudes of marionettes and their jerky motions.

"Babes in Toyland" is a good show. There is one grave defect about it. That is that the girls on the stage do too much screaming. There's nothing more unmusical and nerve-shattering than a bunch of girls in the throes of the shrieks.

"A Madcap Princess."

Lulu Glaser laughs. Then everybody laughs. That's the chief feature of "The Madcap Princess," at the Olympic.

It's an opera—a Harry B. Smith, Ludwig Englander opera. You know what that is. Machine-made lyrics and choruses as to words, and reminiscent melodies as to music. Harry and Ludwig write a new opera every other day, and there's no way of stopping them save by injunction. They show signs of weariness, but the public doesn't. It's a contest of endurance between Smith-Englander and the public. It seems to me that the public will wear out first.

The opera's story is that of "When Knighthood was in Flower." There's more dialogue than singing, and the dialogue is pretty good, in a comic opera way, when it is that of Charles Majors, or when Miss Glaser gags her way along.

Miss Glaser is all the show, practically speaking. She is a pretty, pert, impudent, nimble, mellifluous, graceful, coquettish, affectionate, mocking, innumerable various and instantaneously variable tom-boy. She talks a jumble of Henry VIIIth English and modern patter. She works her eyes and her arms and her toes most fascinatingly. She sings with ease and an assumption of carelessness that permits frequent interpolations on the spur of the mo-

ment. She is pretty at all times, but I don't know whether she is prettier in her arch mood, her pouting mood, her mood in which she does an ambulatory stunt that is a cross between the stride of Maggie Cline and the swagger of the Bowery girl. She's all Aprilian in her moods and at her utmost hoydenish she is never brassy or suggestive. Indeed, her work is of a high class, for at her wildest she is always the princess, although I don't think she has that softness of quality, that gentleness with which Julia Marlowe invested the role when she portrayed it in the play. Miss Glaser's laugh is alone enough to set her up in business as a star comedienne. Her naturalness is not overdone, as it easily might be. But the nicest thing about her performance is the evident fun she is having for herself and the equally evident fact that everybody on the stage with her likes her. There's a deal of healthy tonic spirit in Miss Glaser, and she's not an actorious actress. Her spontaneity is convincing and her simulated impulsiveness is girlish to the slightest shake of her curls. In male attire she is luscious.

Then there's old Bill Pruette, God bless him. He's there as Henry VIIIth. He sings as of the yoreful yore. He is melodiously eloquent, especially in the drinking songs. Oh, Bill, the steins we've punished in the old days! He's the incarnation of "the good song ringing clear," and at his voice the "stein's on the table," and we're back in the old fellowship of spring. Ever unctious is Bill. And he's a richly, copiously blusterful King Henry, such as the opera demands, with a strain of Falstaff not wholly concealed. He goes through his role like a man who wouldn't do anything else in the world for more pay, and he's not so stuck on himself that he can't laugh at the little things that go on about him on the

stage. A bully boy is Bill, and long may he pomp around with his cavernous voice and his radiation—I had almost said exudation—of joviality. There's many of us still here who used to sit with him after the show at the little green tables at Uhrig's Cave, long, long ago, and many more of us in the songless, starless dark, and hearing and seeing him is to resurrect lost loves and old times. Ah, how it is to envy him up there on the stage with the Glaser leaning her head upon his shoulder and pouting under his chin. Good old Bill, I say again. Hoch! Prosit!

The gentleman who walks through the part of the hero, *Charles Brandon*, is handsome. I'm sorry he knows it, but I'll forgive him for the way he sings "If You Were Mine Alone," even though I truly believe I could musically and effectively voice the sentiment myself—to the Lulu. Anybody can sing if there's someone worth singing to.

The lady who acted *Jane*, the lady in waiting, and the gentleman who impersonated *Caskoden*, are not obstacles to one's enjoyment of the performance.

In all the appointments of scenery, costume, chorus grouping, "A Madcap Princess" is up to what we expect. But the charm is the Glaser all the time with old Bill Pruette blustering around and diapasining resonantly at intervals.

The opera could be better, both as to libretto and music. It is not operatic enough. There is not—but to the deuce with fault-finding! Miss Glaser is flawless, for she's herself, and old Bill

Pruette is—why to look upon him is like remembering one of Dickens' descriptions of good eating. Miss Glaser is the only Lulu, but Pruette is a loo-loo, too.

ROBERT EDESON COMING.

Robert Edeson's widespread popularity, won as the star of "Soldiers of Fortune," has been increased in a striking degree by his success in "Ranson's Folly," which has been presented under the direction of Henry B. Harris 100 times at the Hudson Theater, New York, which is to receive its first hearing in this city at the Century Theater, beginning Sunday, December 11.

In "Ranson's Folly," the author, Richard Harding Davis, has chosen as the background of his breezy characteristically American comedy, Fort Crockett, an army post in the far West. His personages are those found in the ranks of the regular army and are pictured as they really exist, not as they are found in the usual war play of today. In *Lieut. Ranson* Mr. Edeson finds a character well suited to his personality and methods of artistic expression, and gives him opportunity for another portrayal of sterling American manhood, of which he is the foremost delineator on the stage to-day.

"PEGGY FROM PARIS" COMING.

At the Olympic theater next Monday night, George Ade's merry musical comedy, "Peggy From Paris," will open a week's engagement, and announcement that is certain to be received with delight by all playgoers. The history of this witty and fanciful play we've ever written than "Peggy From Paris." It is one of the best things Mr. Ade has ever done. It sparkles throughout with wit, and satire. There is an abundance of pretty music, too, while in point of scenic equipment, nothing more magnificent has ever been seen than the stage pictures in this play. A specially selected company will present the musical comedy at the Olympic, the strongest cast which has ever appeared in it.

The Hot Time Minstrels will make their annual bow to St. Louis society at the Odeon next Monday evening, December 12. It will be one of the fashionable and delightful functions of the early winter. The organization includes the best vocalists and fun-makers among the prominent young men of St. Louis. The setting for the minstrel program will be the lawn and clubhouse of the Hot Time Country Club. The stage will be elaborately decorated for this scene. Joseph A. Buse will be president of the club (interlocutor) and Messrs. Hickey, Dauer, Davidson and Lawrence will be the negro waiters (end men). The vocalists will be the club members. There will be solos by Stephen A. Martin, Wallace G. Niedringhaus, James G. Stanley and Dempster Goldove.

There will be coon songs by Messrs. Hickey and Lawrence, a German comedy sketch by Eugene Kehoe, a comedy feature by Edgar Lackland, buck and

Decorative Art Novelties

Large assortments of articles suitable for Holiday Gifts, including richly designed dull antiques, burnished brass desk sets, novelties in silver, leather goods, jewelry, etc.

Gun Metal Novelties for the Holidays

Gun-metal match boxes, \$1.50 to \$10.
Gun-metal card cases, \$3 to \$15.
Gun-metal key chains, \$2.50 to \$3.75.
Gun-metal pencils, 95c to \$3.50.
Gun-metal pen-knives, \$1.50 to \$3.
Gun-metal cigar cutters, 50c to \$2.
Gun-metal bonbon boxes, \$1.50 to \$2.75.
Gun-metal fob chains, \$1.25 to \$3.50.
Gun-metal tablets, \$1.50 to \$3.50.
Gun-metal mirrors, \$1.75 to \$5.
Gun-metal coin purses, \$1.75 to \$25.00.
Also leather-covered clocks at \$1.50 to \$3.50.
Brass-mounted engagement pads, \$1 to \$5.50.
Brass-mounted desk pads, \$2.50 to \$7.50.
Brass-mounted desk sets, complete, \$10 to \$15.
Collar and cuff boxes, 95c to \$5.
Flasks and medallion cases, 75c to \$10.
Travelers' dressing cases, complete outfit, \$5.50 to \$35.

Jewelry, Novelties, Etc.

Fancy colored bead Necklaces, from \$2.00 to \$3.75.
Auto Hat pins with the large safety pin hat clasp, \$1 to \$3.50.
Fancy Combs in several exclusive mountings, \$2.50 to \$20.
Pendant Necklaces, colored stones, from \$3.50 to \$15.
Novelty designs in Hat Pins in sterling, gun-metal and enamel and solid gold, 50c to \$10.
Full line of Jewelry and Brooches, Scarf Pins, Cuff Buttons, Bar Pins, Studs, Bracelets, Etc.
Military Brushes and Comb, per set, \$5.
Hat Brushes of sterling silver, \$1.
Silver-mounted Dressing Combs, 75c.
Bonnet Brushes in new designs, each, \$1.

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney



GLORY QUAYLE

THE SLOWEST LAUNDRY

We find that we have been getting about 300 transient bundles from guests of our regular patrons during the Fair period. After December 1 we will take on that number of new patrons to take the place of those that have left the city. Parties that have tried to give us their business during the past few months, which we were unable to handle, will now have a chance to patronize us should they care to do so.

Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry

CORPORATION.
DINKS L. PARRISH, President.
J. ARTHUR ANDERSON, Vice-Prest. and Gen'l Mgr.
3126-3128 OLIVE STREET
"Lest we forget."
WE USE CAMP JACKSON SPRING WATER
NOT IN A TRUST.



The Three Ages of Man.

In childhood, middle life and old age there is frequent need of the tonic properties that are contained in

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

It is nature's greatest assistant—not a dark beer but a real malt extract—positively helpful, non-intoxicating.

Sold by druggists. Prepared only by the

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n
St. Louis, U. S. A.

wing dancing by Frank Davidson and a monologue by George Maguire. There will be a number of beautiful choruses by the thirty members of the minstrel organization. H. N. Poepping is musical director.

In the hands of a clever company, "A Hot Old Time," the good old farce

which began a week's engagement at the Imperial Sunday afternoon, is proving a great drawing card. This is the piece in which the inimitable Johnny Ray was so successful, but William McRobie, who is assuming the role that Ray took so well, is, without imitating his famous predecessor in the least, getting just as much fun and fully as much

Our "KRYPTOK" Invisible Bifocal Glasses

Awarded the Highest Prize by the Jury of Awards at the World's Fair.

This award of the Gold Medal—the highest prize—is the crowning success of ALOE'S exhibit and sale of Eyeglasses and Spectacles at the World's Fair—which attracted universal attention, elicited the kindest expressions from every purchaser and served to spread the fame of ALOE'S—OPTICAL AUTHORITIES OF AMERICA—to the utmost confines of the globe. We are pleased with the excellent advertising this exhibit has given us—gratified with the decision of the Jury of Awards—but above all things we are delighted with the thousands of entirely unsolicited testimonial letters that are pouring in from patrons we have served at the Fair. We would like to have you read a few of these letters. You'll find them interesting.

OUR WORK AT THE FAIR. THESE LETTERS SPEAK THE PRAISE AND THANKS OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS.

MIAMI POWDER CO., GUNPOWDER.

Xenia, O., Sept. 21, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:
Gentlemen—While in attendance at the World's Fair in your city during the month of August the gentlemen conducting your exhibit in the Manufacturers' Building fitted me with two pairs of glasses—one pair for wearing about ordinarily and the other for reading purposes.

It will probably be of interest to these gentlemen to know that all their representations regarding them have been fulfilled, as I am enjoying many benefits from their use which I have never realized before.

I take great pleasure in thus testifying my appreciation of their skill and judgment in the improvement of my vision.

Yours respectfully,

L. M. GARFIELD,
Supt. Miami Powder Company.
Columbus, Miss., Oct. 26, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—allow me to express in this note the great satisfaction both my mother and I have had from glasses you fitted for us while in St. Louis two weeks ago. It has been a joy to wear the glasses because they so completely rest my eyes. Another lady, a Mrs. Winston, who had glasses fitted at Aloe's, in St. Louis, is also singing the praises of the glasses she is wearing. I would not be without mine for a good deal. Again thanking you for your interest, I am Sincerely, MISS C. H. GARNOE.

KENTUCKY BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR.
St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 12, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—I took a trip to the World's Fair and displayed much energy and enthusiasm. I had a pair of glasses fitted to my eyes shortly before I left home, but hardly ever wore them. After six weeks' constant strain on my eyes, my sight became very much impaired and I was in danger of losing my left eye. While on a tour through the Agriculture Building I had the honor, or rather the blessing to meet with one of your opticians, who tested my eyes and fitted me with a pair of your glasses. I have been greatly benefited by the change, and my sight is wonderfully improved by the glasses. I can conscientiously and truthfully recommend your firm to anyone who may be suffering with any affliction of the eyes.

Yours fraternally,

COL. A. BERBERICH,
No. 2826 Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.
CIRCUIT COURT OF SHELBY COUNTY.
Judge's Chamber.
Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 24, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—I think it but fair that I should tell you of the success I met with in the glasses purchased from you at the Fair last week. They are very satisfactory, both the bifocal and reading lenses, and have given me much comfort.

I can read the small print on the back of your business card at any distance from 10 inches to 24. The long-distance lenses are especially gratifying. I could not have seen the Fair without them with any satisfaction. Wish I had fitted my wife with them at the same time. With thanks again, I am very respectfully, J. P. YOUNG.

Circuit Judge Shelby County.

LEWISTOWN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

J. R. Bevis, B. Sc., Ph. D., Principal;
Jennie E. Fulton, Assistant Principal.
Lewistown, Mont., Nov. 6, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—The invisible bifocal glasses reached me last week. I am very much pleased with them—they are just what I wanted. None of that annoyance of looking on the edge of the separate pieces, as in the other pair. Can attend to my school duties with no discomfort of straining eyes or of the trouble of putting on and off glasses

every few minutes. And no fear of falling, as I was when I went downstairs with the former pair on.

Thanking you for your kindness, I remain, yours truly, JENNIE A. FULTON.

Hiawatha, Kan., October 9, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—I write to tell you that my glasses give complete satisfaction. I can see far off beautifully and can read with perfect ease. My friends consider them a great improvement over the old ones. The little accident of my stopping at your booth in the Mining Building resulted in my having new eyes. You have proven yourself a prophet, for, when you examined my eyes, you said I would thank you for my glasses, and I take pleasure in doing so. Cordially yours, ANNA D. BAKER.

Milo, Ark., Nov. 23, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—My glasses, R. No. 8968, give perfect satisfaction. I just want to thank the optician who waited on me for insisting that I take the kind of glasses I so much needed. In three minutes after leaving the Varied Industries Building my poor eyes had such a restful feeling that no man could purchase my precious glasses for double what I paid. So one man was made happy. A thousand thanks. Respectfully,

REV. GEO. D. MOORE.

ASH GROVE WHITE LIME ASSOCIATION.
J. D. Barton, Secretary.

Postal Telegraph Building, Kansas City, Mo.;
Ash Grove, Mo.; Galloway, Mo.; Everton, Mo.

Ash Grove, Mo., Nov. 21, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—I am sending you under separate cover a pair of glasses, which kindly refer to Doctor S. I wish you would say to him that the glasses he sold me are the most satisfactory ones that I ever had, and I have worn glasses for a number of years. It is certainly a positive pleasure to enjoy the comfort that I do. Very truly yours, J. H. BARTON.

Bloomington, Ind., Nov. 18, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—It is a great pleasure for me to testify in behalf of glasses. I find the spectacles purchased of you to be far superior to any other I have ever worn, enabling me to see clearly and distinctly any object I wish to. With them I can see objects at a distance more clearly than I ever could with my naked eyes, and, being double-lens glasses, I can also see to read and sew without the trouble of putting on another pair, thus saving me many, many steps which, to a busy housekeeper like myself, makes them literally and truly worth their weight in gold to me. I recommend your firm to my friends at every opportunity. Sincerely yours,

MARY A. GOODALE.

Omro, Wis., Nov. 15, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—My glasses arrived here safely on the 5th, and, as you told me, it might take me several days to get accustomed to them. I have waited to see results before I wrote to you. They are quite satisfactory. The improvement on my old glasses is so great that there is hardly a comparison. Respectfully,

PAULINE K. HINDERMAN.

Omro, Wis., formerly Berlin, Wis.
Saginaw, Mich., Nov. 14, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—I am glad to inform you that I received my glasses some days since, and that they are highly satisfactory. I would not part with them for the world provided that I could not secure another pair from you.

My business keeps me very busy all the time, to such an extent that I am obliged to work evenings a great deal, and I think if

any one can appreciate a good pair of glasses I can.

I want to thank you very kindly for the great care you took in examining my eyes and fitting me out so thoroughly.

Sincerely hoping that I may have the pleasure of meeting you again some time, I am, very truly yours, W. T. COOPER.

Sharon, Kan., Nov. 11, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—Spectacles received all O. K. They please me well. I am about 70 years of age, but can take down as many jack rabbits as younger marksmen. Success to the Aloe Optical Company. Yours truly,

WILLIAM BROWN.

A. A. WEBER.

Dealer in General Merchandise and Farming Implements.

Ellisville, Mo., Sept. 6, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—The glasses I got from you at the World's Fair the first part of August give me good satisfaction, and I don't think anything could be made that could give me more comfort than your new improved frame. Yours respectfully, A. A. WEBER.

JOHN R. VON SEGGERN,

Attorney at Law, Room 3, Debolt Building,
S. E. Cor. Court and Main Sts.
Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. —, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—The glasses bought of you last Saturday are very satisfactory. I wish you would please send me a copy of the prescription so that in case of the loss of my glasses I could easily get a new pair.

Respectfully, J. R. VON SEGGERN.

SPOKANE DISTRICT M. E. CHURCH

SOUTH.

J. D. Crooks, Presiding Elder.

Spokane, Wash., October 27, 1904.

Messrs. A. S. Aloe Company, St. Louis:

Gentlemen—After a thorough trial, I find the glasses which I purchased from you at the Agricultural Building, World's Fair, give me entire satisfaction, and I take great pleasure in recommending your goods as first class. Also, in recommending the gentleman who waited on me as an expert optician. Yours sincerely,

J. D. CROOKS.

No. 03221 Lincoln St.

Rockingham, N. C., October 27, 1904.

A. S. Aloe Company, St. Louis, Mo.:

Mrs. John Ledbetter will leave for our city Thursday morning for you to examine her eyes. She, like myself, has tried different opticians, and I have convinced her that Aloe's glasses are a panacea for all eye troubles. My brother, Mr. R. L. Steele, is as much charmed with his glasses as I am, and I am confident that you will have others from Rockingham, as they have heard more about the Aloe Glasses than the Fair. Respectfully, MRS. K. E. COE.

No. 28 Sumner St., Newton Center, Mass.,
June 27, 1904.

A. S. Aloe-Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—About a fortnight ago I was measured for a pair of bifocal spectacles at your place of exhibit in the Mines and Metallurgy Building at the Exposition. As both my eyes are astigmatic and myopic and as there is a growing tendency to opacity of the crystalline lens in both eyes, I had not much confidence that your optician could improve to any great degree on the glasses I was wearing, and I feared that if he did it would be at the expense of eye-fatigue. I am very happy to inform you that my fears were not well-grounded. The spectacles prepared by you gave me considerable percentage of increased vision, finer definition and complete restfulness. I am very thankful that I stumbled upon your place while visiting the Exposition, and I hope you will pass on this commendation to the very courteous, skillful and patient gentleman who waited upon me. Very truly yours,

WESLEY O. HOLWAY.

A. S. ALOE=CO., 513 Olive St.

OPTICAL AUTHORITIES OF AMERICA.

School of Domestic Science

Opens Jan. 4, 1905, in vicinity of Worcester, Mass., by two recent teachers at Oread Institute. Boarding or day pupils. For prospectus or further information, address,

Mrs. F. A. Wethered,
AUBURN, MASS.

... CENTURY ...

THIS WEEK,
Evenings at 8.

Babes
in
Toyland
Regular Matinee
Saturday at 2.

Next Sunday Night,
Reserved Seats Thursday

ROBERT EDESON
IN
RANSON'S FOLLY
Better than
Soldiers of Fortune.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,
Evenings at 8:15
CHAS. B. DILLINGHAM
PRESENTS

LULU GLASER
—IN—
A Madcap Princess
Regular Matinee Sat.

Next Monday Evening.
Reserved Seats Thurs.

GEORGE ADE'S
Peggy
From Paris

IMPERIAL

Tenth and Pine
25c Daily Matinee.
Nights, Best Seats 50c
Beginning Sunday Matinee, Dec. 4,
The Rays' Peal "A HOT OLD TIME"
of Laughter
One long whirl of laughter and girl,
Dec 11—"At the Old Cross Roads."

GRAND

ST. LOUIS'
MOST POPULAR
THEATRE
Matinee Wednesday and Saturday—25c and 50c.
Night Prices 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

IN OLD KENTUCKY

Bigger, Brighter and Better than ever.
Next Sunday Matinee—THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

STANDARD

The Home of Folly. Two Frolics Daily.

THIS WEEK,

Imperial
Burlesquers

NEXT WEEK,

The Morning
Glories Co.

BIG FOUR

IN CONNECTION WITH
NEW YORK CENTRAL,
BOSTON & ALBANY,
LAKE SHORE,
LEHIGH VALLEY,
AND
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RYS.

OPERATE
MODERN TRAINS

WITH
EXCELLENT EQUIPMENT

CONSISTING OF
Magnificent Sleepers, Library Cars,
Dining Cars, Through Coaches.

Liberal Stop Overs:
NIAGARA FALLS, WASHINGTON,
BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA.

TICKETS:
Broadway and Chestnut and Union Station.

C. L. HILLEARY,
Assistant Gen'l Pass. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

"Pa, what is a repartee?" "Oh, merely an insult with its dress-suit on, my son."—Puck.

Through sleeping cars to Denver, via Union Pacific. Tickets and reservations at 903 Olive street.

applause out of it. In addition to Mr. McRobie, there are several other really good actors in the company, chief among them Joseph Weber, who assumes the part of *General Blazer*, and Florence Hughes. And there is a chorus, too, smartly costumed, and made up of pretty girls who sing well. The return to the old familiar attractions finds the Imperial patrons as faithful as ever. Next week, "At the Cross Roads," a piece familiar to theater-goers, and one which will please the Imperial patrons particularly, will be the attraction.

The persons who think the spirit of chivalry is dead in America should attend the show at the Grand this week. At least they would see that Americans know chivalry when they see, and have enough regard for it to vigorously applaud. That fine old drama, "In Old Kentucky," is the attraction at the Grand this week. All about it there is a Southern atmosphere—Southern gentlemen who love honor and admire women and fine horses. And the piece is presented by a very capable company, of which the beautiful black thoroughbred race horse is by no means the least popular with the audiences. Nelly Callahan, as *Madge*, who rides the beautiful horse in the famous race track scene, is not only a clever actress, but she is an equestrienne of exceptional skill. Her performance is received with great applause. "In Old Kentucky" will remain until Saturday night, and will be followed by "The Sign of the Cross," a piece which is being presented by a clever company, and which has always been a success.

The Standard patrons are getting their money's worth this week. There is an opening burlesque entitled "The Gay Widow Brown," presented by the company, which approaches almost to the distinction of a whole show in itself. Its music is original, and the lines very funny and the company injects an energy into its production that electrifies the audience. In addition there is an excellent spread of vaudeville features, including Flossie Coy, who possesses a remarkably rich "female barytone" voice; the Washburn sisters, Emmons, Emerson and Emmons, George Diamond and others. Next week the Standard will present The Morning Glories Company, in new burlesques and a complete specialty bill.

Jerkins—What do you think of my new "kicks"?

Perkins—I'd throw 'em away if I were you and buy a pair of shoes—a pair of Swope's. The store is 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Doctor—"Ah! out for a constitutional?"

She—"Yes: I walk two miles before breakfast every morning for my complexion."

Doctor—"Is the chemist's shop so far as that?"

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Chinese and Japanese Jardinieres and lily bowls.

Geo. A. Kessler & Co.
THANK THE PUBLIC FOR THEIR GENEROUS APPRECIATION AND PATRONAGE OF

MOËT & CHANDON

CHAMPAGNE.
And take pleasure in announcing that
Every Club, Wine Merchant, Hotel & Restaurant
now has the
New Vintage, 1898

WHITE SEAL

ON SALE.

EVERY CORK
BRANDED.

Never before IN THE HISTORY
OF CHAMPAGNE HAS SUCH
A SUPERB QUALITY OF
WINE BEEN OFFERED.

A Great Revelation FOR
EVERY LOVER OF A SPARKLING
WINE IN THIS LATEST VINTAGE.

Moët & Chandon
WHITE SEAL

MUCH DRYER THAN MOST SO CALLED BRUT CHAMPAGNES.



Corticelli

SPOOL SILK

Is the Strongest and Smoothest Silk Made.

Corticelli and Brainerd & Armstrong

WASH SILKS

are Lustrous and Fast Colors. Demand these Brands.
Avoid imitations and their annoyances.

THE STOCK MARKET

No abatement of manipulative tactics can as yet be noticed in the Wall street market. Prices continue to hold firm; the buying power, even if largely fictitious, suffices to absorb all holdings thrown on the market for realizing purposes. Short sales fail to make more than momentary impression. Considering the extent to which prices have already risen, the eagerness shown on the part of various leading syndicates to take profits, and the absence of anything like a positively large or growing investment demand, even cynical skeptics must perforce admit that the manipulating ringsters are onto all the ropes of the game, and are working with a finesse and foresight that betoken extensive experience and unlimited means.

However, it cannot be denied that the boom is entering its silly and really dangerous phase. In the last few days, the market showed at times, sporadically, at least, unmistakable signs of fatigue. The way in which so-called investment issues have been whirled up on repeated occasions, on typical and but clumsily disguised "wash-sales," was very instructive, inasmuch as it intimated in a forcible manner that the supply of old, well-known tricks of stock-rigging is well nigh exhausted. It is generally the case that, whenever the boosting of values is approaching that limit where even the most innocent lambs are growing recalcitrant, the market leaders proceed to liven up things and to tickle already more than jaded palates by sky-rocket performances in the investment group.

Old-established, sedate stocks, such as Chicago & Northwestern and Illinois Central, lend themselves admirably to "side-shows" of this kind. The purchasable supply afford in the market is not very large. This alone makes it a facile task to run up quotations five or six points within half an hour. Such isolated upward movements may make the judicious grieve, but they delight the groundlings, the fellows who are still learning their Wall street alphabet, and to whom it can readily be demonstrated by sophisticated logic that what has taken place in Northwestern common may surely be expected to occur with equal momentum in American Ice or Standard Rope and Twine, or United States Leather common; stuff that has ever proved irresistible to the speculative *canaille*.

There are hot bull "tips" current on Missouri Pacific. Hints are making

that the Gould stock is booked for at least 130. No explanatory, water-holding reason is assigned for this bull talk. It is, therefore, to be presumed that the stock is to be lifted, like most everything else, on general principles. Compared with other shares of its class and standing, Missouri Pacific is doubtless entitled to a boost of generous proportion. It pays as much as New York Central. Of course, the latter is a Vanderbilt stock, but this does not alter the fact that its capitalization has been vastly watered in the last few years, while the financial management of the Missouri Pacific has been much more conservative. It would not be surprising in the least if the last-named were to strike a hot pace some of these days. The Missouri Pacific is a growing, splendid property; George Gould is back of it, and that alone means a good deal to stockholders. The time is not so far distant when M. P. will be considered one of the finest investment issues in the land, and don't you forget it.

Dispatches reach us from London that foreigners have been large sellers of American railroad securities in the last week or so. Judging by the record of prices, this news does not seem exaggerated or altogether unreliable. Foreigners are pretty good judges of security values, though they made a ghastly mistake in 1899 and 1900, when they sold their holdings of Americans in large chunks at prices which were afterwards considered dirt-cheap in the purlieus of Wall street. At the same time, it needs to be stated that fairly good advices from London, from different sources, intimate pretty broadly that Englishmen have been largely increasing their holdings of United States Steel preferred and common. From this it would seem that profits realized in other directions are being put into Morgan's great steel trust. The talk of an Anglo-German-American entente in the steel trade has induced most optimistic anticipations in London financial circles. Speculators who, it is said, would not touch Steel preferred at 60 are now buying it in liberal doses at above 90. Mr. Morgan must have been doing some energetic, spirited proselytizing latterly in Lombard street, and convinced his numerous wealthy clients that Steel preferred will prove as good an investment as the United States Government 5s did, which he bought in 1895, or thereabout, at wonderfully cheap rates from Mr. James G. Carlyle, then Secretary of the Treasury.

Somebody is gurgling predictions that St. Paul is on the road to 200. We

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

BOND AND STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty

Direct Private Wire to New York.

300 N. FOURTH STREET,

ST. LOUIS,

ANNOUNCEMENT

We take pleasure in announcing to our patrons and the public in general that the magnificent

SAFE DEPOSIT
AND STORAGE VAULTS

of the Lincoln Trust Co., located at 710 Chestnut Street, are to remain there permanently. We solicit your Safe Deposit business and offer you the best in the line of protection and good service obtainable anywhere.

CELLA COMMISSION CO.

— DEALERS IN —

Grain, Provisions, Cotton and Stocks

FOR CASH OR MARGINS.

Write for Our Book of Statistics. Mailed Free.

200 North Fourth St.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

H. WOOD,
President.RICH'D B. BULLOCK,
Vice-President.W. E. BERGER,
Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

CORNER FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

Best Passenger Service in
TEXAS

"No Trouble to Answer Questions."
Write for Resort Pamphlet and New
Book on TEXAS—Free.

E. P. TURNER,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

IMPORTANT.

THE FOUR-TRACK
NEWS

The Popular Illustrated Magazine of
Travel and Education.

From 130 to 160 pages each issue,
every one of which is of human
interest.

Subscriptions for 1905 only will be
received until December 31st, 1904, at
50 cents per year; to foreign coun-
tries \$1.00.

After January 1st, 1905, the sub-
scription price will be \$1.00; to for-
eign countries \$1.50; at newsstands
ten cents per copy.

SUBSCRIBE NOW.

and take advantage of this extraor-
dinary low rate.

GEORGE H. DANIELS, Publisher,
Box No. 82-A. 7 East 42d St., New York.

To Our Savings Depositors:

On December 10, 1904, or thereafter, please present your sav-
ings pass books at window No. 20, north corridor, so that interest
earned, if any, may be entered therein.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. Cor Fourth and Pine Streets.

Open Monday Evenings until 7:30.

think we have heard this kind of gab before. Early in 1902, some enterprising Wall street agents provocateurs had it cut and dried that St. Paul was a dead sure thing for a purchase at 198 and bound to cross 200. Well, the stock hit 198¾ with terrific force, only to rebound in a most startling manner until it fell below 10 again. The tipsters may be right this time, but it would be extremely risky to advise your best bosom friend to follow their recommendations. St. Paul is a good stock, but cannot be considered exempt from general speculative influences and vicissitudes. However, those who bought it for investment may be advised to hang on to it.

The coal shares are still favorites. There are tall doings in Reading common. The stock is an interesting hummer. It responds quickly and decisively to manipulation. From the way it acts one might be led to think that a six per cent dividend was to be declared on it within a month. The principal reason advanced for the rise is general prosperity in the coal trade. While there are immense supplies of anthracite coal on hand, prices keep stiff. There are people who have glorious visions of the future of Reading. Some of these dreamers were enthusiastic sellers of the same stock some years ago, when it could be bought by

the ream at less than 25. To-day, they are frantic to buy it at 79. It's a giddy world in Wall street, a world short of memory and fond and tenacious of delusions.

The gold export movement seems to draw to a close. Sterling exchange at New York is below the point of outgo, and at Berlin and Paris it is rising, that is, turning again in favor of London. The directors of the Bank of England seem to be confident that no serious disturbance is in sight in the world's financial markets, and for this reason still refuse to advance their rate of discount, which remains at three per cent. They may be over-sanguine, however. They have made some grievous mistakes before, and that not so very long ago. The monetary position is far from reassuring, but no fears seem to be entertained in regard to this in New York, where everything is going up and barbers, waiters, cooks and servant girls are again beginning to study daily stock market reports. In the meanwhile, cotton quotations continue to fall, and exports of wheat and corn to show startling decreases, as compared with last year's record.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

F. W., Elgin, Ill.—County bonds mentioned considered good investment. Interest every six months at New York. No litigation of any kind pending. Write to county treasurer. Yes, Cuban 5s attractive investment. United States Government practically back of them.

S. L. J., Helena, Ark.—Would take profits on Atchison common. Car Foundry common anything but a tempting purchase. Reports of new business exaggerated.

N. V. F.—Would not advise investing in Candy common. American Central Insurance high enough for the present. Keep out of Title Guaranty.

R. O. P., Wichita, Kan.—Would not care advising purchases of Southern Pacific for the present. Mexican Central a risky proposition, though to be hoped that approaching change in monetary standard will greatly benefit property.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Locally, things on the stock exchange are rather quiet. A few active issues show signs of retrogression. Missouri Trust, for instance, has dropped back about five points, chiefly on profit-taking by people who bought below 120 some time ago. It is now selling at about 141½. Bulls on the stock are still numerous, however. Commonwealth has risen to 298. The stock is quite a favorite in brokers' offices. Hints are making, though, that insiders have been doing some judicial selling in the last few days. Bank of Commerce is in the doldrums, it is wobbly at 311 asked, with no bids of any kind. For State National 176 is bid; none is offered. For Mechanics' National 286 is asked, for Merchants-Laclede National 306. For Third National 313 is still bid. The stock is firmly held. St. Louis Union Trust is quoted at 348 bid, 350½ asked. Mechanic's sold at 285 the other day.

Easy to Own

A Good Piano

In fact, almost as easy as to own a poor one. The cost is not much more, and if bought on time it means just a few more payments.

The reputation of the

Sterling

As a handsome, durable instrument has been won by many years of service in concert and conservatory work, the severest a piano can undergo.

The Sterling scale is thoroughly even and well balanced, with a tone full and round, possessing a singing quality especially adapted to the accompaniment of the voice.

Sterling Cases

The great variety of handsome case designs in which the Sterling is made gives you an exceptional opportunity to select a piano perfectly suited to your requirements.

Moderate prices and liberal terms of payment will enable you to own a good piano—one that will give you pleasure and be an ornament to your home.

Bollman Bros.
Piano Co.
1120-1122 Olive St.

CHRISTMAS DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Don't Cramp Yourself

For Christmas Money. Why not use the **LOFTIS SYSTEM** and select any Diamond, Watch or other article from our magnificent Christmas Catalogue. Your selection will be promptly sent on approval, to your home, place of business, or if you prefer to your express office. If it is just what you want and well worth the price asked, pay one-fifth down and keep it, sending the balance to us in eight equal monthly payments. You will be under no obligations to buy and you will have nothing to pay, for we pay all express charges in advance.

We Depend on Our Goods

ask is an opportunity to submit them to anyone interested in Christmas Diamonds, Watches or Jewelry.

You are welcome to credit whether you are a modest salaried employee or a wealthy employer. The Loftis System makes any honest person's credit good by adjusting terms to meet their earnings, income or convenience. Don't think that you must give something cheap and trashy because you can spare but a few dollars at present. With five or ten dollars for a first payment you can give a beautiful Diamond which will last forever and every day remind the wearer of your regard and good judgment. We will arrange the payments so that you will hardly miss them from your monthly income.

Cash Buyers are welcome too, and we have an equally attractive offer for them, as follows: Pay cash for any Diamond, and we will give you a written agreement to take it back at anytime within one year, and give you spot cash for all you paid—less ten per cent. You might for instance, wear a fifty dollar Diamond for a year, then send it back to us and get forty-five dollars, making the cost of wearing the Diamond for the entire year, less than ten cents weekly. No other house makes this offer.

Competition. Our goods, prices, terms and methods have just finished a seven month's competition with the entire world at the St. Louis Universal Exposition, and we have been awarded the **Gold Medal.** No stronger endorsement of the Loftis System could be given; in no other way could our leading position in the Diamond and Jewelry trade be so strongly emphasized.

Our Christmas Catalogue is ready and will be sent postpaid on request. Write for it today. Do not make a selection for Christmas until you receive it, for it will be your reliable guide to the best goods, lowest prices, easiest terms and fair and courteous treatment.

Don't Wait until the Christmas rush is on, for while we have the best facilities in and satisfactorily, they are taxed to the utmost at Christmas time. We want to give you the best possible attention, and we can do it now.

Our Guarantee

is the strongest ever given by a responsible house. We give one with every Diamond, attesting its value and quality. Any Diamond ever sold by us is like so much cash when you want other goods or a larger stone. Please write today for a Catalogue—it's worth its weight in gold to any Christmas shopper.

Loftis Bros. & Co.

DIAMOND CUTTERS AND MANUFACTURING JEWELERS

Dept. P-III, 92 to 98 State Street
CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

Copyright, 1904, Franklin Advertising Agency, Chicago.

SAVE A DIAMOND

DIAMONDS WIN HEARTS

United Railways preferred is quiet, with small sales; it is offering, in moderate amounts, at 68¼, with 67¾ the best bid. The common voting trust certificates are still offering at 25½. There's very little inquiry for them. For United Railways 4s 86¾ is being asked. Brown Brothers' subscriptions are quoted at 107 bid, 107¼ asked.

Candy common is offering at 11¼, the first preferred at 95, with no bids. For St. Louis Catering preferred 60 is asked. Missouri-Edison Electric 5s are firm, with bids at 100¾; offering at 101¼.

Clearances are in large volume. Interest rates remain steady at about 5 and 5½ per cent. Sterling is lower, being quoted at \$4.87. For Chicago exchange 30 cents premium is asked, for New York 55 cents premium.

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street, carries Imported Novelties only.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

NEW STEAMSHIP TO CUBA.

Commencing November 15th, 1904, the large and modern steamship "Saratoga," of the Munson Steamship Line, will ply between Mobile, Ala., and Havana, Cuba, making the trip in less than 40 hours. Low rates via the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Write Jno. M. Beall, G. P. A., M. & O. Railroad, St. Louis, for full particulars.

Best Books

FOR GIFT-GIVING.

We are Booksellers for all Publishers, and supply any Book, Magazine or Periodical published. You can secure at this store the Best Books by the Popular Authors—those of Romance, Adventure, Travel, in sets or single volumes: Picture Books, Books for Old and Young, Boys and Girls; also Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals and all kinds of

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS

All books advertised in the Mirror are to be had at

JETT'S BOOK STORE,
806 Olive Street.



Through Car Lines

—TO—

CHICAGO
OMAHA
ST. PAUL
SALT LAKE CITY
DETROIT
TORONTO
NEW YORK
WHEELING

KANSAS CITY
DES MOINES
MINNEAPOLIS
TOLEDO
BUFFALO
BOSTON
PITTSBURG
FORT WAYNE

CITY TICKET OFFICE,

EIGHTH AND OLIVE STS., AND UNION STATION.

10 FAST TRAINS to 10,000 EASTERN CITIES

—VIA—

BIG FOUR ROUTE

Lake Shore, New York Central, Boston & Albany, Pittsburg & Lake Erie,
Erie R. R., Lehigh Valley and Chesapeake & Ohio.

Connection with all Steamship Lines to and from New
York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Norfolk

TICKET OFFICE
Broadway & Chestnut

W. G. KNITTLE,
GEN'L. AGENT.

BOOKS

All the late cloth
and Paper Bound
Books can be
found at

ROEDER'S BOOK STORE
616 LOCUST STREET.

B & O S-W

HISTORIC AND PICTURESQUE
ROUTE TO

NEW YORK

VIA

Washington, Baltimore
and Philadelphia.

Stop-Over Privileges on all
First-Class Tickets.

3 ELEGANT VESTIBULED
TRAINS, AND ALL
OF THEM DAILY.

COACHES WITH HIGH BACK SEATS,
PULLMAN DRAWING ROOM SLEEPERS,
OBSERVATION SLEEPING CARS,
COMPANY'S OWN DINING CAR
SERVICE.

Meat Served "a la Carte."

SEE

The Beautiful Allegheny Moun-
tains, Historic Harper's Ferry,
The Potomac River, and the Na-
tional Capital.

For Rates, Time of Trains, Sleeping Car Reserva-
tions, Etc. call on any Ticket Agent or address
F. D. GILDERSLEEVE, ST. LOUIS, MO.
O. P. McCARTY,
Gen'l Pass. Agent. Cincinnati, O.

..TO..

Eastern Cities

LOWEST RATES
BEST SERVICE.



INFORMATION CHEERFULLY GIVEN

ED. KEANE,
Ass't. Gen'l. Passenger Agent,
104 North Fourth, ST. LOUIS

CARMODY'S,

213 N. Eighth St.

FINEST LIQUORS

THAT'S ALL.

THE Texas Train

Leaves St. Louis daily
5.00 p. m. A smooth
track and a smooth
train. Through Sleep-
ing and dining cars.

Pine Bluff, Shreveport, Texarkana, Dallas,
Ft. Worth, Houston, Beaumont,
Lake Charles and intermediate
points.



Cotton Belt Route

909 Olive St.--Union Station,
ST. LOUIS.

Burlington
Route

CHEAP RATES

ROUND TRIP TO

DENVER

On Sale Daily—Long Return Limit.

Lv. ST. LOUIS, 2:15 P. M. Daily—Ar. DENVER, 3:40 P. M. Next Day.

For full particulars call at

TICKET OFFICE, BROADWAY AND OLIVE STREET.

Or write W. A. LALOR, A. G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

THE For LIQUOR DRINKING, MORPHINE THE
Keeley Cure All Narcotic Drug Using, Neurasthenia, Tobacco and Cigarette Addictions
DR. J. E. BLAINE, Physician and Manager
2801-3-5 Locust St., ST. LOUIS. Bell Phone, Beaumont 450
HOME TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO AND NEURASTHENIA

St. Ann's Maternity Hospital,

Tenth and O'Fallon Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

This institution is open over fifty years. Those conducting it have vast experi-
ences. There are private rooms and wards. Terms moderate. Private room patients
can have their own physicians. Arrangements can be made for the care of infants.

For further information apply to

TELEPHONE: Kinloch D 1595.

SISTER SUPERIOR.

The Grand

Wm. Schaefer,
Proprietor.

N. W. Corner 6th and Pine Streets.

Finest Bar and Billiard

Hall in the West

STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS
IN EVERY RESPECT.



HOT SPRINGS ARKANSAS



NEAR HOT SPRINGS, ARK.



HOT SPRINGS MOUNTAIN



POTASH SULPHUR LAKE AND BOAT HOUSE



PORCH ON GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL



GOVERNMENT DRIVE ON WEST MOUNTAIN

REACHED DIRECT FROM
ST. LOUIS AND MEMPHIS
IN ELECTRIC LIGHTED
SOLID THROUGH TRAINS

VIA THE

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

St. Louis Ticket Office, S. E. Cor. Sixth and Olive Streets.

The Mirror

EVERY LARGE CITY IN TEXAS IS LOCATED ON THE M. K. & T. RY.

This is one good reason why you should use
"the Katy" to reach Dallas, Ft. Worth,
Austin, San Antonio, Houston, Galveston, and Waco.



For FAST TIME take

"THE KATY FLYER."

Ask the man at 520 OLIVE ST.

or write "Katy," St. Louis.



TO

Kansas City

4—Exquisite Daily Trains—4

Morning—Afternoon—Night—Midnight.

Trains are composed of the highest
type of Standard Sleeping Cars, Parlor Cars,
Reclining Chair Cars, free, and Cafe and Dining
Observation Cars; all electric lighted.

SHORT LINE.

NO TUNNEL.

**CHICAGO &
ALTON**

Ticket Offices:
Carleton Building,
Union Station.

"BIG FOUR"

—AND—

New York Central

ONLY ALL-RAIL ROUTE

INTO

ONLY Railroad Station

IN

NEW YORK CITY

ONLY Route with NO FERRY TRANSFER.

LOW TOURIST RATES

TICKET OFFICES—Broadway and Chestnut, Union Station and
World's Fair Grounds.
W. P. DEPPE, Chief Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent.